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A Judge's Mistake

-:- Or -:-

The Wrong Trail

By Annie Brownlee Quimby

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CHAPTER I.

"YOU are sure you can manage, dear, I shall be so uneasy about you. Dear me! It's not exactly right, you know." A troubled look spread over the sweet old face.

"Fiddlesticks! Of course I can manage, and I don't see anything wrong about it, either. I'll be 19 next month. I trust I am able to take care of myself. Kidnaping has gone out of fashion, you know, auntie." The girl smiled with assurance.

"I know, dear, but if you were less pretty, you would be safer on a long journey alone. But as it is impossible for me to go with you, I must trust to a kind providence to protect you."

"Nonsense, auntie! I'll come thru all right. Don't worry."

"All aboard! All aboard!" cried the conductor.

There was a hurried embrace and the one addressed as "auntie" quickly left the car.

"All aboard!" cried the conductor again.

The last belated passengers hurried into the cars, and the door banged to behind them. There was a slow grinding of wheels, a shrill whistle and the Overland Limited was on its way to San Francisco.

As they left the outskirts of the city behind them, the girl smiled to herself.

"Poor auntie! She will worry herself sick about me; and it's so unnecessary. I will be quite safe." She gave a sigh of youthful assurance and contentment.

Removing her hat and wrap and making herself as comfortable as possible for the five-hour journey ahead of her, she was soon lost between the covers of a novel.

As the train sped toward the Pacific many passengers entered the coach, and the vacant seats began to fill.

Marion noticed two men casting furtive glances toward her and talking in whispers. She had a vague, undefinable feeling that they were discussing her. Consequently her eyes kept lifting from her book, and her face took on a rosy hue. Presently the two men arose, stretched long muscular arms, yawned lazily, and leisurely left the coach. Marion gave a sigh of relief and settled once more to the enjoyment of her book.

Twenty minutes later the two strolled

back into the car. Their seat had been taken, and with a polite bow and a smile that was overfriendly, one of the two dropped into the vacant seat beside Marion.

"Terrible crush today. Hope you don't mind?" he remarked, seating himself so he could command a good view of her face.

Marion bowed and drew herself erect, staring stonily at the pages of her book. There was something about the manner of the man that sent a cold chill up and down her spine.

"Interesting book you have there?" he asked, moving to get a look at the title.

"Very," she answered curtly, her eyes glued to the page.

"Rex Beach or Jack London?" he queried, slowly extending his arm across the back of the seat.

"Neither," was the chilly reply, and the girl shrank nearer the window.

"Oh! Don't you like their books?" bending toward her till his hot breath fanned her cheek.

"Pardon me, sir, but if I am compelled to share my seat with you, I am not compelled to answer your questions."

"Don't get wrathy, little one. I didn't mean anything. A pretty girl traveling alone always appeals to me, you know. Kind of want to be good to them," the other remarked, with a coarse insinuating laugh.

Instantly Marion remembered her aunt's anxiety for her safety, and realized that her fears were not groundless.

By this time people in the immediate vicinity had begun to notice that something was wrong, and the girl was on the verge of tears.

A young man in the seat behind had seen and heard all. He had heard the aunt express her misgivings about the journey alone. More than once his jaw had squared and the muscles of his arm had become tense.

Again the intruder leaned toward the girl and whispered something. The occupant of the seat behind could not catch the words, but the startled angry glance the girl cast at him told enough. A shining drop trickled down the cheek nearest the window and was stealthily brushed away. A gentleman could stand no more. The man in the seat behind arose immediately.

"Pardon my interference, Miss, but I think I can find you a more agreeable seat," pointing to the seat he had just vacated.

Marion cast a startled glance at the blue eyes and clean-cut strong honest face, and instinctively trusted him.

"Oh, thank you," she murmured, gathering together her handbag, book and other belongings. "It is very kind of you, I am sure." She smiled gratefully.

The man in the seat ahead glared at the other and clinched his fist.

"You're meddling in what is none of your business, my friend. What is the girl to you?"

"A stranger, but till she reaches her home I shall give her the protection I would accord to a sister," was the quiet reply.

"Oh, very well, sport, but you and I will have something to say to each other later."

"With pleasure. You will find me at the Acme Club almost any old time."

Marion cast her rescuer a look of gratitude not unmingled with admiration, as she took her seat.

"If you don't mind, Miss, I will occupy this half of the seat? I will be better able to protect you against further insult then. You know you are to be my sister for the rest of the journey." He smiled reassuringly.

"It was very kind of you, sir, and I am grateful indeed. I have never traveled alone before." There was just a perceptible catch in her voice. "But I fear harm may come to you yet over this."

"I shall not get into any very serious trouble, I think, and if I should do so nature has been kind to me." He extended a lean, muscular arm. "I shall be able to take care of myself."

The girl smiled in admiration, approval written on her face.

"Yet I should be very sorry if you should have an unpleasant experience thru your kindness to me," she replied seriously.

"Don't alarm yourself, Miss ——"

"My name is Marion Gray."

"Well, then, Miss Gray, don't give the situation a second thought. It is quite probable I may never see the fellow again; but if I do, and he should be offensive, it would give me great pleasure to punch his head. I own to having some of the Englishman's traits. I would rather fight than eat. But here we are at the ferry. Allow me to see you safely across." He possessed himself of her handbag.

A half-hour later they were in the ferry building, and Marion was vainly searching for a familiar face. Her father's car was not waiting, and to add to her uneasiness, her unpleasant acquaintance of the train strolled leisurely by and stopped near her to speak to a friend.

"Oh, what shall I do?" she cried. "They surely did not get auntie's message."

"Quite likely it has been delayed," her companion assured her. "You never can be sure of a telegram being delivered on time. Do the cars reach your part of the city?"

"Oh, yes, only——" She glanced toward her late seat mate. "You see, I have always gone to and from the city in our own car. I don't know much about the street cars, or what changes we would have to make."

"I will guarantee to see you safely home if you will tell me what part of the city you live in."

She looked him over for a second and smiled.

"I am tempted to allow you to inconvenience yourself still further for me. I might telephone home, but then it would be an hour before James would get here with the car," she said thoughtfully. "But have you no one waiting for you at home? Are you not in a hurry?"

"I will answer your last question first. I am in no hurry whatever, and there is no one waiting to welcome me home. It will be no inconvenience whatever, and I shall enjoy the ride thru the city. It is two years since I had that pleasure," and a grim smile hovered about his mouth for an instant.

He was not surprised to find that the address given was in the most wealthy and aristocratic section of the city, the region in which were the homes of millionaires.

They boarded a Market street car, and forty minutes later alighted in a fashionable district. They walked two blocks, and the girl ran up the steps of an imposing-looking residence and rang the bell. Her companion lifted his hat and was about to turn away, when she stopped him.

"You must wait and see papa," she said.

She was about to decline when the door was opened by a dainty little maid, who uttered a startled exclamation.

"Don't stare so, Jean. It's really I. Is papa home?"

"Yes, Miss Marion," the maid replied, with a pleased smile. "And I'm glad to see you home again."

The sound of voices attracted a tall, distinguished-looking man with very white hair, a clean-shaven face, and blue eyes that sparkled like a youth's.

"Marion!" he cried. "How in the world did you get here?" Further speech was cut short by two arms around his neck, and two lips upon his own.

"You dear old goose! How do you suppose I got here? I didn't come in an airship. But papa, I want you to thank this gentleman. He rescued me from a very embarrassing position today, and was kind enough to see me safely home."

A brief explanation followed, and Judge Gray was profuse in his thanks.

In the dim light of the hall they did not notice that the other had grown deadly pale. They pressed him to remain and have some refreshments, but he hastily declined, and was turning away when the Judge detained him.

"You will at least tell me your name," he asked.

There was a slight pause, but of sufficient length to be noticed by both father and daughter.

"My name is Wesley Orton."

"Wesley Orton," the Judge mused. "I don't recognize it, yet there is something familiar about you. I believe it is your voice."

"A slight resemblance to some one you know, sir, no doubt." And with a hasty word of farewell he was gone.

CHAPTER II.

BY JOVE! What an escape!" Wesley murmured in a half-dazed way. "And that lovely girl is Judge Gray's daughter! She said her name was Gray, but I never thought of that. Had I guessed the truth, wild horses could not have dragged me there. Yet it was the best test I could have. I am surely safe. But it was a narrow escape just the same." He removed his hat and wiped the perspiration from his brow. Then, slowly replacing his hat, he mused: "I wonder if I shall ever meet her again? I hope so. Gee! She is the kind of a girl a fellow could get along with fine. Not stuck up and all outside show. Whoa! You're going too fast, Wesley. Back up and get on the right side. Remember, she is Judge Gray's daughter, and you are only—well, never mind what."

That night Wesley Orton slept in a cheap hotel on Market street, and next day began a search for work. Before venturing on the street in daylight he stood a long time before the mirror, and critically surveyed every feature. Then, with a satisfied smile, he turned away.

"A wonderful transformation," he mused. "My own mother would hardly know me."

Once nearly all of one side of his face had been covered by a purple birthmark. The disfigurement had been one of the causes of his downfall, perhaps, since physical imperfections make life more difficult. But a skilled facial doctor had removed the great blemish from his countenance, leaving his skin almost as fair as that of a girl. It had been a long and painful process, but the result had transformed him. Now, with his mustache shaved and his close-cropped hair sprung to waving naturalness, he was not as he had been, but a new and changed man.

He ate a substantial breakfast and then glanced over the want ads in the morning paper. Jotting down a number of addresses where help was required, he took his hat from the rack and went forth to meet the world and win a fortune.

He sought employment at ten different business houses that day, but was unsuccessful. There was always some reason for the coveted job to escape him. Sometimes he was just too late, but oftener it was his lack of recommendations, while in other places a curt "No!" was all he got. He would not be even given the chance to tell what he could do.

This continued for three days, and Wesley was beginning to feel discouraged, while his scant supply of money was rapidly melting away. The fourth day brought better success. Walking up Van Ness street, he saw a sign in the window of a wholesale hardware house: "Bookkeeper Wanted." After a volume of questions had been asked, he was taken for a week on trial, at a ridiculously low salary. But it was the best he could do, and it would insure board and lodgings for the present.

The time passed pleasantly in the wholesale house. His companions were of a pleasant, amiable disposition, and the work was congenial. Wesley Orton was just beginning to think this old humdrum world wasn't such a bad place, after all, when something happened to dampen his rising spirits.

It was the last day of his week of trial and he had every reason to suppose that he would be engaged permanently. The manager had complimented him upon the excellent quality of his work and close application. Nothing had happened to disturb his peace of mind, and he was almost happy. He applied himself diligently to his labors during the day and dreamed of Marion Gray during the night.

"Did she think of him sometimes?" he wondered. "What a charming girl she was! Such eyes and hair." His heart beat faster as he remembered how she had trusted him so completely. "No, he would not forget her soon. It was good for a man to have the memory of such a girl."

During the afternoon Wesley had been unusually busy, for there had been large sales that day. About 5 o'clock he happened to glance thru the glass partition and caught a pair of dark, slightly shifty eyes fastened upon him. The man nodded and an evil smile curved his lips. Turning, he spoke to the manager. Wesley recognized him immediately. It was the man of the train. He had a queer, instinctive feeling that the other's presence there boded no good to himself.

"Who is that tall, dark man that passed just now?" he asked the man at the next desk.

"The proprietor's son, Harold McKee. There is always hell to pay when he comes around. Watch! Last time he got a pretty little stenographer fired because she declined to accompany him to dinner at the La Grand. She had to choose between virtue and her ten dollars a week. She couldn't keep both and work for that son of Satan, so she lost the ten dollars a week." The clerk spoke in a cautious voice.

"Do you see much of him?"

"No. He drops in about once a month. They say he is the largest shareholder in the house, but takes no active interest in the business."

"I see!" Wesley replied. The peculiar note in his voice made his companion glance at him sharply.

"Know McKee?" he queried.

"Yes, I have met him, but didn't know who he was."

"Well, if there was anything unpleasant, be prepared for the worst. McKee is something of an Indian. He never forgives a wrong, whether real or fancied."

"I am prepared. I can see my finish here. I have decided I don't want the job, anyway."

"Say, tell us about it? Something dirty, I'll bet?"

"Oh, it was nothing much. I just happened to spoil one of his little plans, that's all."

"There was a girl mixed up in it, I'll bet."

Wesley nodded.

"Who was she?" the other asked thoughtfully.

"Sorry, friend, but I can't tell you that. She wasn't his kind, tho; that's why I interfered."

"I understand. I'm good and glad you fixed him plenty. I'd like to do it myself, but I don't dare. I've a wife and a couple of kids to look out for."

Ten minutes before closing time the manager paused before Wesley's desk and laid an envelope before him.

"I regret that it will not be convenient to retain you in future, Mr. Orton. You will find your week's salary inclosed in this envelope," he said kindly.

"I understand. After seeing Mr. McKee and learning his position in this house, I was prepared for it." The manager smiled.

"You have been unfortunate enough to incur Mr. McKee's displeasure, I believe?"

"I hope to be fortunate enough to arouse it still more," Wesley replied, reaching for his hat and coat.

"Gently, my boy, gently!" the old man whispered. "Harold McKee is a bad man to deal with."

"I know it, sir. But I will deal with him if the opportunity offers."

As Wesley, with his week's salary in his pocket, passed out of the house, Harold McKee was standing by the door.

"My friend of the train," he observed leeringly. "Did I not prophesy that we would meet again?"

"If you will be kind enough to call at the club, it will give me great pleasure to slap your face." Wesley replied coolly enough, tho every nerve was tingling.

McKee's fists clinched, and he took a step toward the other, but stopped suddenly at sight of the squared shoulders and defensive arm.

"I forgot for a moment who you are," he said, with cutting sarcasm. "We don't engage in affairs of honor with our discharged help."

"You coward!" Wesley cried. "You are afraid to meet me as man to man. Were we in a less public place I would teach you some manners." He turned abruptly away.

"I hope my little friend of the train is well?" McKee asked suggestively.

"Do you know the name of the lady you speak of so flippantly?" Wesley asked sharply.

"No, I don't," indifferently answered McKee.

"Well, then, I'll enlighten you. She is Miss Marion Gray, daughter of Judge Gray of the Supreme Court. It will give me great pleasure to inform his honor of the identity of the man of the train."

Judge Gray's daughter! And he had thought her a little country girl on her first visit to the city!

The man actually seemed to shrivel. It was Wesley's turn to laugh as he wheeled away.

He walked into his little eight-by-twelve room, threw his hat on a chair and sat down to think. Things had happened so suddenly and unexpectedly that he could scarcely grasp it clearly. There was the same old grind to go over again.

CHAPTER III.

ABOUT a week later, Wesley was slowly going up Market street keeping a sharp lookout for signs in the windows reading "Man Wanted," when a hand was laid on his arm, and a voice whispered in his ear: "Ain't you about tired of it, old sport?"

One glance and his face grew set and hard, and his eyes were like those of a great deer brought to bay. Then a sudden fire leaped into them, and he was on the point of indignant protest when the other spoke again.

"Not a word, but follow me; not too close, tho."

Wesley turned and carelessly followed the other without seeming to do so. His face was colorless and his limbs none too steady.

The man wound in and out of many streets, and finally paused before a dilapidated looking building, disappearing thru a scarred and creaking door into a dimly lit hall, where he was soon joined by Wesley, who had somewhat recovered from his unusual agitation. Neither spoke until they had ascended two flights of stairs and entered a room on the third floor.

"This is where I am hanging out for the present. Surprised at my discovering you, eh?" the man asked with a chuckle of delight.

"How did you manage it, Tom? I thought my identity was safe, even from my mother."

"Ah! You did, eh? Well, you see I happened to remember your voice. Few men have such a fine voice as Jack Rainer has. Once grow accustomed to it, and you would recognize it anywhere. That voice of your'n, coupled with this, and I knew I had made no mistake."

He drew forth from an inner pocket a late edition of a city daily, and pointed to a marked item. Wesley read:

"To the person who will give definite information that will lead to the capture of one John Rainer, who escaped from San Quentin prison on Aug. 13th of the

BE SURE and read "A JUDGE'S MISTAKE; or THE WRONG TRAIL," in this issue. It is a most extraordinary story. Also look out next week for "MISS BLUNT, DETECTIVE; or, MYSTERY WITHIN MYSTERY," by Crittenden Marriott, the famous author. You will find it one of the very greatest stories we have ever published. Bigger and more interesting stories with every issue, that is our motto. Watch the Ledger.

present year, a reward of five hundred dollars will be paid."

The paper fluttered to the floor, and something that sounded very like an oath escaped his lips.

"You don't mean——" he began.

"No, I don't," the other interrupted. "You see, that set me thinking about you, and I happened to be going by when you were exchanging compliments with that tall rascal at Van Ness street. I knew your voice right away. I says to myself, 'That's Jack with his appearance greatly changed.' So I just kinda kept track of you since."

"I see. Do the others know of this?" Wesley touched the paper.

"Sure thing! We thought you would turn up in Frisco. But say, how did you manage it, anyway?" He looked with admiration at the clean-cut, almost boyish face.

"It was not so difficult. An outside friend helped me, and furnished money and clothing. In the garb of a priest I escaped unquestioned, and after keeping shady for a few weeks I ventured back to town."

"And have spent your time since looking for something honest to do? Give it up, Jack. Chaps like us don't have no sort of a chance to be honest. Be one of the bunch again? We need you mighty bad now. We're planning a big stunt that'll bring something worth while."

"I'm done with the old life, Tom. For me it must be the straight trail or none," was the firm reply.

"What are you giving us now? You don't mean to say you will go back to a desk in some dingy office at twelve bucks a week? Kingdom come! That's funny! You don't mean it, tho."

"I do mean it. We were all on the wrong trail. The old life is all wrong, and besides, it is full of danger. I would rather have my twelve a week and know I had earned it honestly. I'm obliged to you, boy, for wanting me back, but I can't do it."

Tom Finnegan's eyes narrowed to mere slits as he watched the other.

"So that's the way you are going to treat your old pals, eh? Well, we'll see. I don't believe the boys will stand for it.

"I don't, sure," he growled.

"They must. I owe no one any favors. My life is my own to do as I please with."

"But you will help us out on this one job? We need you. We sure do. There is not another man in the city that can work a safe like you can. You could clear up a million in six months. What's the matter with you, anyway?" Tom placed the floor excitedly.

"I have changed my ideas of life, that's all. The business is too dangerous, and then, that million dollars would make me miserable for the rest of my days."

"Be careful, Jack. You can't jump out like that. What if one of the boys should squeal? You see, that five hundred dollars is a kind of temptation if a fellow is in low water," he drawled.

"They wouldn't dare do that!" Wesley cried, striding angrily across the floor. "I know too much about every mother's son of you. I could take the whole bunch back to San Quentin with me, and I'd do it, too."

Drawing a sack of tobacco from his pocket, he leisurely rolled a cigarette, touched a match to it, then slowly and deliberately sent the smoke in rings ceilingward. "You've heard the old saying, Tom, that when thieves fall out, honest men get their dues. There's nothing to be gained by quarreling."

"That's so. But just the same the boys won't let you out like that. You see, our motto is, 'Once a thief, always a thief.' You can't desert, nohow."

"It's no use, Tom. No more of the old life for me. I'd be back in San Quentin inside a year if I did." Rising, he moved toward the door. "I must be off. I've got a couple of places to look up yet today."

"Call around this evening, Jack, and see the boys. They'll all be here, an' we can talk it over."

"It's no use, Tom. I don't want to meet the boys again. Our paths lie apart. Good-by."

"Come around and see the boys, anyway. It'll kind of look friendly on your part. Perhaps they won't remember the five hundred and will let you off easy-like. Good-by."

Descending the two flights of stairs, Wesley opened the street door and passed out. The fog was coming in from the Pacific with a tang of salt in it. He inhaled great breaths of the pure cool air, for the room had been close and stuffy. He took off his hat and wiped the moisture from his brow, and wondered how it would end.

"They are a tough lot to deal with," he was thinking to himself. "Some of them are desperate, crime-hardened characters, but for their own sakes they'll hardly squeal on me. Yet, there's no telling. They do some unaccountable things, some foolhardy things, and one can never be quite sure."

An hour later and the two calls looking for work had been made with the usual results. He ate a sandwich and drank a cup of coffee and thought.

Never before had Wesley experienced such a down-and-out feeling. What was the use of struggling against fate, anyway? His small supply of money was almost gone again and there were no prospects of any work. Perhaps he had better see the boys and have an understanding with them. It would be foolish to make enemies of them if it could be avoided.

Then his mind switched off to Marion Gray. What would she think of him did she know the past? What would Judge Gray think of him should he suddenly remember under what circumstances they had met before? That chapter in his life must be erased. What a fool he had been! What an idiot to let himself drift into such a life! He had begun life right, but somehow he had got switched into the wrong trail.

There was the innocent game of cards, beginning in his own home, by his mother's fireside. No one dreamed of the far-reaching effects of that first game. He was a young man with bright prospects ahead. The University of California had opened its doors of learning to him, and among the new friends he made were those who played cards. The game took on a new attraction; they played for stakes, small at first, but gradually increasing. The fire of the gambler was in his veins.

He met outside acquaintances, and they played for higher stakes. He won just enough to keep the fire of the gambler smoldering. Then the descent came fast and sure. Engulfed by gambling debts, with disgrace staring him in the face, he knew not what to do. His career at the university was over. He had gambled away the hard-earned funds which were to have put him thru college. He could not write home for more. In an evil hour a companion whispered in his ear an easy way out of his difficulty. The end was the natural outcome.

"Pardon me, sir!"

It was the innocent-looking little game of cards that had put him in San Quentin, and not the bottle. The bottle had no attraction for him, but the cards had been his ruin.

CHAPTER IV.

"JACK RAINER, you're plumb crazy! You're a double-dyed fool! You deserve to go back to San Quentin for the rest of your days!" cried a big red broad-shouldered giant with a scar across his left cheek. Red was angry, and he wasn't taking any pains to conceal the fact.

"I'm sorry, Red, but it's no use. I can't," Wesley answered.

"You mean you won't!" And Red shook a clinched fist under Wesley's nose. "If there was another man who could do the job as you can, why, you could stick to your fool ideas. But there isn't, and you know it, kid. I tell you, Jack, you got to help us out this once." His tone had changed from rage to pleading.

"I can't, Red. I have vowed never to meddle with a safe again," Wesley answered, a piteous note in his strong voice.

"Leave him alone, Red. If he don't want to get in on the haul, no one is going to make him," another declared. "You've got no ribbons on Jack, remember that. If he wants to drop out, quiet like, I guess he can do it."

"Shut up, Bob! I didn't hear any one asking for your opinion. I just gotta make this kid see things right. Can you do the delicate work on the combination, I'd like to know? I tell you, something has got to be done and that soon."

"You're right," Tom Finnegan broke in. "Funds are getting mighty low, and there is the wife and kids to think of."

"That's just it!" cried Red. "Times has been mighty hard the last few months, and dimes are gettin' pretty scarce. I tell you, Jack, if you had a wife you loved and a couple of kids you'd die for, you wouldn't be backin' down like that. But you haven't, and of course you don't care a penny for the rest of us. If our wives and babies go hungry it is no affair of yours."

"Don't, Red! I—I would help you if I could," the other replied hoarsely. "I have sworn to lead a straight life in the future. If I ever go back to the old life again I am done. Don't you understand? For God's sake don't insist! I dare not," he pleaded.

"Leave him alone!" growled Bob Merrill. "He don't want to, an' that's nough."

"Keep still, can't you? One would think you had a fortune behind you to hear you talkin'!" snarled the red giant.

"I have no fortune, sure 'nough, but I have a pair of hands that ain't afraid of work. I am going to get a job, an' earn an honest living for the wife and babe. I am tired of this life; always dodgin' the cops, an' not able to look honest people in the face. I'd like to be able to enjoy a good night's sleep without dreaming of cops and prisons an' such like." Bob thoughtfully stroked his chin.

Wesley's face was radiant.

"Shake, old boy!" he said, extending a hand. "I'm glad to hear you say that, Bob. It's the only safe trail to follow."

Tom Finnegan and Red looked at each other in consternation; then their uncontrolled rage burst forth.

"You hypocrites! You fools! Work, indeed! Who wants an ex-convict? Who wants a crook to work for him? You chicken-hearted psalm singers! I've a notion to beat the two of you up good and plenty. I have sure!" Red thrust his fist under the nose of each, his face purple and his body tense.

"Don't try it, Red. I'd hate to spoil your good opinion of yourself," Wesley spoke calmly but decisively.

"What? Does the kid think he can lick me?" And the red giant made a lunge at Wesley with a sledge-hammer fist, but the latter dodged, and tapped Red between the eyes, bringing him to the floor.

"Top-heavy, eh, Red?" Wesley inquired laughingly.

Bob was keeping an eye on Tom Finnegan.

A moment later and the giant came toward Wesley with an infuriated roar. Tom tried to restrain him, but a huge fist pushed him rudely aside.

"Let him alone, Tom. There is only one remedy for that disease."

The giant made a vicious lunge at the other again. Wesley warded it off and caught him squarely on the chin. Red went down like a ton of coal, but was up in a minute and rushing at Wesley once more.

"You done it that time, but you can't do it again!" he snarled. "I'll—I'll break every bone in your body!"

He was more cautious this time, however. Wesley made a feint of dodging, but the bully caught on. He was backing the young man to the wall. He aimed to corner him.

Wesley continued warding off the blows, just keeping beyond the reach of the giant claws. Suddenly, however, he landed a lightning-like blow under the left ear, and Red went down with a crash that made the furniture rattle, and lay quite still for a couple of minutes. Then, slowly, he got on his feet and made for Wesley again, but he was visibly shaken up.

"You imp of hell!" he roared. "I'll—I'll——"

But the sentence was never finished. Wesley was tired of playing, and was getting angry. His athletic training was coming to the fore. He met the giant halfway, warded off his blow with one hand, and with the other jammed him on the jaw and then in the stomach. Red went down in a heap, and Wesley stood over him.

"Enough, Red?" he asked.

But the creature could only roll his eyes, his breath was gone. Wesley waited for a minute. The other two men looked on in admiration. For what man does not love a fight?

"Is it all right, Red?" he asked. "Will you shake hands on it?"

The giant sat up, one hand on his stomach, the other on his jaw, and looked at Wesley almost lovingly.

"How did you do it?" he asked, meekly. "It never happened to me before."

Wesley laughed.

"It's just a little trick I learned, Red. It's all right, then? Will you shake hands on it?" His anger had disappeared.

"Sure!" Red seized Wesley's hand in his great brawny one. "I say, Jack, I'd give a good deal to learn that trick. You sure put it over on me some. Will you show me how it's done?"

"No. It would be of no use to you, Red. You're too heavy to use it."

Wesley and Bob left the house together, walking a block in silence. Then the former said:

"I'm glad you chose the right path, Bob. It will pay best in the long run. You'll not regret it, I guess."

"I just had to do it. You see, I've been thinking this over for a long time," Bob replied thoughtfully. "It's like this: I have a wife and baby, and they mean more to me than money. If I kept on I'm almost sure to end up at San Quentin. Then what's going to become of them? When my little girl grew up, I'd hate for some one to tell her that her father was 'serving time.' That wouldn't be giving her a fair start in the world, you know. I'm going to start all over again."

"The same here, Bob. I'm starting at the bottom again. An ex-convict hasn't got much of a show in the world, I'll admit, but then I may never be recognized as such. You have the advantage of me there. You never served time. Your tintype doesn't hang in the rogues' gallery. That's something to be thankful for."

They shook hands and parted, going in opposite directions. From the heart of each a great fear and depression had departed, and in its stead was a calm, confident hope for the future. They little thought how soon, or under what circumstances, they would meet again.

CHAPTER V.

IT WAS December, and the sun was casting a golden haze over the Pacific. The fog of the morning had rolled back and disappeared in the sunshine—such sunshine, soft, balmy, as only California's can be.

Wesley Orton was sitting idly by a driveway in Golden Gate Park, watching the automobiles scudding by, filled with merry pleasure seekers. Occasionally a party on horseback would canter by in riding costumes. The children were playing games on the grass under the watchful eyes of fond mammas or trusty maids.

As he watched, Wesley's face grew tender and sad, and a far-away look crept into his eyes. He was thinking of the days gone by, when he had played those very games with his brothers and sisters at the old home in the hills. Ah, the joy of those days, when he was a barefoot boy on his father's ranch, driving the sheep to pasture, or bringing home the cows!

In fancy he could hear the low moo of old Betsy as she rubbed her nose against the bars, and patiently waited for her lump of salt. The joy of the bareback rides up and down the meadow on Wildfire! The roundups where at the age of 13 he roped and threw his first wild steer! What a proud boy he was that day, returning home at dusk, tired and hungry, but happy!

The odor of fried bacon and hot biscuits reached him even now, reminding him that he had had nothing to eat since morning, and it was now 3 o'clock. Mechanically he put his hand into his pocket and drew out a four-bit piece, looking at it wistfully. It was all he had left, all that stood between him and starvation. He had been unable to secure even the humblest kind of work.

He was roused from his musings by the screaming of children. Men and women were running toward the driveway. At first he was conscious only of a dark object coming down the driveway, accompanied by the thud of a horse's feet.

But his unerring eye took in the situation at a glance. "A runaway, and a

woman, by Jove!" he cried, throwing off hat and coat.

There was a thunder of maddened hoofs, and a horse passed with lightning speed. But Wesley had gone, too. He was clinging to the horse's mane and bridle bit.

A murmur of admiration arose from the spectators. They could see that he was risking his life, but the mad pace was slackening. Under the pull of the man's iron arm the horse suddenly was brought to a panting standstill.

Quite a crowd had gathered, and ready hands helped the young woman to dismount. She had uttered no word, and Wesley had had no opportunity to observe her closely.

"Whoa, girlie! Whoa! Easy, now!" The young man gently patted the mare's neck, speaking low and soothingly.

A dog ran barking across the driveway. The horse reared, plunged, and swung around in the opposite direction. Wesley had just time to glance at the dust-covered form of the girl, and it struck him as being familiar. The spectators were looleing at her in wonder, and perhaps a little disappointment. They had evidently expected her to faint on reaching terra firma, but she seemed to have no thought of doing so. She was watching the man and horse, a puzzled expression on her face.

Suddenly her eyes lit up, and a satisfied smile played across her face. Hastily brushing the dust from her riding suit, she advanced to where her mount now stood, quivering and foam-flecked, with drooping head. Wesley was still soothing the mare with gentle words and caressing pats.

"Mr. Orton, if I am not mistaken?" said a familiar voice at his elbow. He wheeled instantly.

"Miss Gray!" he cried in surprise, his face brightening. "I—I had no idea it was you!"

"Does that mean to imply that had you known you would have left me to a deserved fate?" She smiled and extended a well-gloved hand.

"No," he smiled, in return. "I am sorry if my words seemed to convey such a meaning. In fact, I am glad it was you." And a warm light glowed in his eye for a second, but was as quickly gone again.

His eyes told her much. He had not forgotten her, then! Her heart gave a happy, girlish throb. To cover her own confusion, she patted the mare's nose as it lay passive in the hollow of her arm.

"Dixie, you naughty girl, what made you do it? There'll be no sugar for you tonight." The mare seemed to understand and rubbed her nose against her mistress' hand, her big, soft eyes fastened upon the girl's face as tho begging forgiveness. "Did the nasty smoke and noise frighten it? You mustn't be so silly again."

Just then a big bay came thundering down the drive. His rider was Judge Gray, who dismounted, and throwing the rein over his arm, stood beside Marion. His fine old face wore a greatly relieved expression.

"You are sure you are not hurt, darling?" he asked, anxiously.

"Quite sure, papa. I am inclined to believe I rather enjoyed the lark as much as Dixie did. You see, Mr. Orton—I mean, stopped Dixie just at the right moment, else it might have been—well, unpleasant, perhaps." Marion strove to appear careless, but she did not succeed very well.

"Marion, I wish you were more of a girl and less of a boy. You should not have ridden Dixie; she is scarcely broken yet. Jane is more of a lady's horse, and can be depended on."

"Yes, she is safe, and she has no grudge against gasoline; Dixie has. But I hate people or horses that can always be depended upon. You know just what they will do every time. I like surprises sometimes."

"Well, I think you got one." The Judge smiled indulgently.

"Don't you recognize Mr. Orton, papa? Just think, it was he who stopped Dixie."

Wesley was slipping into his coat and had purposely turned away, dreading to come under the scrutiny of those keen eyes.

Judge Gray was studying him intently, a thoughtful frown on his face. "Where had he seen that form, that face before?" he was wondering.

"I believe I have you to thank for the second time for invaluable service rendered my daughter, Mr. Orton. It seems to me you are always the right man in the right place, sir." He laid a friendly hand upon the young man's shoulder.

"I am very glad to have been of service to Miss Gray," was the quiet reply.

Wesley's face was rather white. The tussle with Dixie in his present weakened condition had taxed his strength to the utmost.

"Are you ill, or hurt? You look mighty white," the Judge asked anxiously.

"Neither, sir; but I have just realized that I have eaten nothing since morning. If you will excuse me, sir, I will look up a place where I can obtain a cup of coffee."

Wesley hoped thus to escape from his embarrassing position, but the Judge was too interested in the young man to allow him to escape without learning something of his history.

"A cup of coffee is what we all need," the Judge cried. "What do you say, Marion?"

"I'm with you, daddy. It does seem a long time since lunch. But I warn you that a cup of coffee won't satisfy me. I shall want a nice juicy chop, or perhaps a steak and onions," and she ended with a merry laugh.

Judge Gray made a grimace. Onions were his particular abomination in the dietary list.

"I won't ask you to eat the onions, daddy, I like them too well myself, you know." She glanced mischievously at Wesley.

Fifteen minutes later found them seated in a cozy little restaurant in a secluded nook in the park.

Before the meal was over Judge Gray knew something of the struggle Wesley was enduring. Not that the young man had deliberately told him the story, but the other was a keen student of human nature, and had read much in the youth's face. He had drawn him out, without seeming to do so.

Before parting the Judge made Wesley promise to call at his office the following afternoon, as he wished to have a talk with him, and possibly could offer him something.

On the way home Dixie behaved admirably, and Marion was delightfully happy. Judge Gray was inclined to be thoughtful. His face wore a perplexed air.

"Confound it!" he cried irritably. "It is the first time in my life that I have been unable to recall a face or its associations."

"Why, what's the matter, papa?" Marion asked, awakening from her pleasant contemplations and reveries.

"It's that young fellow, Marion. You see, I'm positive I've seen him before, but I can't recollect when or where. He could hardly have been a juryman. He may have been a witness, but I think not. It must be that he——" But the sentence was left unfinished.

"You are positive?" she asked.

"Quite positive."

"Why don't you ask him, papa? I don't think he would mind."

"I might do so; but then, if the meeting was of an unpleasant nature, it would create an embarrassing situation. I have a feeling that he wants to ignore the past."

"You may have met him socially somewhere, at a dinner or card party; or perhaps at some of the clubs? I feel, somehow, that he has seen better days."

"No, I have met him officially. I never get the two mixed. I believe you are right, Marion. There is an air of better days about him."

"Did you notice what lovely eyes he has, daddy? And such beautiful brown hair. I wonder why he doesn't let it grow out a little more! I believe t's inclined to curl, too."

"Why don't you ask him, puss? He might be obliging enough to satisfy your curiosity." The Judge smiled in amusement.

"I believe I will," his daughter answered, smiling back. "It will be something to talk about, you know."

"Do you find yourself at a loss for a topic of conversation sometimes?" her father queried banteringly.

"Not usually. But then it's a good thing to have a reserve fund."

When Judge Gray and Marion parted from Wesley Orton in Golden Gate Park, the latter breathed a sigh of relief.

"I'm an enigma to the old man, that's certain; and he has the reputation of never forgetting a face! He can't place me!" the young man told himself triumphantly.

This most interesting story will be continued in the next issue of the Ledger. During the coming months many great stories will appear in these columns. If you are not already a subscriber for this paper, it will repay you to send in a year's subscription. It costs you only $1.00, and you will never regret it. Let us hear from you at once.

Into the Unknown

-:- Or -:-

Rajah and Ruby

By Will Gage Carey

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CHAPTER VI.
VANISHING LIGHTS.

NEITHER spoke. For my part, the pounding of my heart against my ribs would have hindered words had I tried to speak. I was frightened—scared so much that I was weak. To my fear was added the depressing force of conscious guilt. He had caught me busy in the part of a common thief! No explanation was necessary; the situation was amazingly clear to us both.

He stood very erect, his dark, smoldering eyes fastened upon mine. The muscles of his face seemed tense and drawn, with not the slightest quiver of emotion playing over his inscrutable features; but I detected a slight movement of his right hand. It was searching within the folds of his silken girdle!

In a vague, senile sort of way I found myself wondering what that sinuous, swarthy hand would bring forth from the silken folds—whether pistol or poniard; and whether he would have anything to say before the forthcoming fight (or slaughter) started.

Unarmed, I was powerless before him; I watched in a sort of fascinated state, much as a bird under the hypnotic eyes of a serpent, yet now I felt my strength returning, and with it determination to take a man's part in the encounter, of whatever nature it proved to be.

He withdrew his hand from his girdle; it held a tiny slip of rice paper—and he spoke: "Have you the makings?" he asked placidly.

Expecting him to smite, he was asking for a smoke! The sudden reaction and reversal of the situation as I had it doped out was of itself disconcerting.

"Makings?" I repeated, falteringly.

"Yes, have you any tobacco about you?"

Mechanically, I tossed him over a sack of my favorite blend; he caught it deftly, rolled a cigarette with one hand, and began inhaling the fragrant smoke with very evident enjoyment. He took a seat upon a divan, and motioned me to do likewise. He continued to eye me intently, but now there was a semblance of a smile playing about his thin lips.

"Wrong—all wrong!" he observed, at length.

"What do you mean?" I asked.

"Why, the way you had things sized up. When you saw me there stopping your somewhat hasty exit—well, you expected that you and I were going to mix, eh?"

"Yes; naturally I expected something of the kind."

"Well, you're wrong. You may go now if you desire; or you may stay here. Go on with your search, if you wish; anything you want—go as far as you like!"

I was nonplused.

"But the Rajah Maz——"

"Hang the 'Rajah Maz'!"

"Cheerfully; but——"

"The Rajah gives me a pain!"

"Well, he doesn't make me feel any too good myself," I answered, truthfully enough, "and he may be coming in here any moment——"

"Don't you think it! There's a baby-doll from Kankakee got him corralled on the promenade deck; nothing can possibly break him away from that chicken—but the bugle call to dinner."

"And you?"

"I'm here merely to have a little quiet, confidential talk with you; that's the only reason I stopped you a while ago. There is something I know which I believe you will consider worth hearing; will you listen?"

"Certainly; what is it?"

He flecked the ashes from his cigarette, and resumed: "There is no need at this time to go into a long recital of what has happened, and of conditions as they exist at present. I know your grievances; I appreciate how you must feel toward the Rajah—and toward me, perhaps."

"Go on."

"Yes; I know all about it. I know where the Ruby of Roo is at this moment—and the little Florentine bust; I could even go and get them——"

"You do—and you will?"

"I do—and I won't!"

I sank back down upon the divan, sudden hope giving way again to dumb despair.

"I want to help you—I will help you," he went on, hurriedly. "But to put you into possession again at this time of your rightful belongings would be the height of folly; it would get me in bad, and do you no good. There is a better, safer, surer way,"

"Then why not——"

"Listen; let me go about this in my own way. I know the Rajah Mazajinfizzi even better than you do, perhaps. He is a villain of deepest dye; the trickiest, meanest, most despicable mortal that ever lived——"

"Yes—and then some!"

The valet grinned.

"He took me away from India," he went on, "making me fair promises which in his false heart he had no intention of ever fulfilling. I've traveled far with him; I've played the game fair—so far as he was concerned." He was not smiling now, but spoke with fervid intensity, his eyes glowing as from hidden fires within. "I've slaved for Mazajinfizzi—and in return, he treats me like a dog!"

"How? What does he do?" I asked, feeling a strange sympathy for him.

He hesitated, and seemed about to say more, then checked himself. "I'll not inflict my personal troubles upon you; it could do no possible good. Enough to say that after all I have done for him, I've learned thru secret sources that he is planning to double-cross me—when I am no longer of use to him—as he has done his other dupes. But I'll beat him to it; beat him at his own game. Am I right?"

"You certainly are."

"So it seems to me."

"We'll work together."

"Yes; but understand, I am not doing this thru friendship for you; it would be silly for me to make any such assertion. What I do is because of my hatred for Mazajinfizzi——"

"I understand."

"You, however, will be the one to profit most by what I plan to do. Listen: First of all, I'll impart the information to which I referred a while ago." He leaned over closer, and in low tones told me that which caused me to give a sudden start of amazement.

"Tonight, at midnight," he said, "by stealth, and in mid-ocean, the Rajah Mazajinfizzi will leave the Maid of Normandy!"

CHAPTER VII.
WORKING OUT A PLAN.

THE Rajah about to escape me by leaving the ship surreptitiously in the middle of the night! This was indeed startling information, and well for me that I learned of it at as early a moment as this; immediate and drastic action would have to be taken at any cost.

"We must prevent his leaving!" I exclaimed, springing to my feet. "It is high time now for me to lay the whole matter before Captain Boyer."

He was greatly concerned, even agitated, over the prospect of my doing this, saying that he feared the Rajah would become aware of our plotting against him before the right moment for a formal and final denunciation.

"Take my advice, and confide with no one at this time," he urged. "The Rajah is as slippery as a greased eel; we must employ every precaution, or he'll wiggle from our clutches. No; don't take it up with the ship's captain—not yet."

For a time we sat in silence, trying to think of the best course to take.

"How is he going to leave the ship?" I asked, on sudden thought.

"He has his own little launch on board—a small gasoline speedboat——"

"He has?"

"Yes; it will be lowered to the water at midnight, when he and I are to enter it, and——"

"But all this could not possibly be brought about without at least one of the ship's officers' knowledge and consent. Secrecy could not be followed out to that extent——"

"Leave all that to Mazajinfizzi! He has plenty of funds; he never hesitates at cost to accomplish his purpose. As I say, the little launch will be quietly lowered at midnight, you can depend upon that."

"Why does he do this?" I asked. "Is it because of knowing my identity—am I driving him to so desperate a course?"

"Oh, I guess not you!" he answered quickly; and I thought I detected a fleeting smile of scorn, as tho he were thinking how, in my dealings with the Rajah, I had proved just so much clay in the hands of a skilful molder. "Of course," he continued, "he knows you are trailing him, and that you may demand a show-down at most any moment; you could, at least, make things annoying and inconvenient. To be frank with you, however, there are others aboard of whom he is suspicious—whom he fears far more than you. It is for this reason he has decided on an attempt to leave

the ship before we arrive at any port——"

"And where will you go—you two, in the little launch?"

"To Fhu-boo-loo."

"Could it be done?"

"Easily. Captain Boyer has told the Rajah that we will sight Fhu-boo-loo before dawn. Mazajinfizzi is a good navigator; he can make his own reckonings and steer true by them. The launch is amply provisioned and equipped; yes, he could easily make Fhu-boo-loo before this ship could reach port there; and be safely concealed before those aboard the Maid of Normandy (who may wish to do so) could apprehend him."

This all seemed plausible enough; it was quite like the elusive Rajah to put over just such a coup.

"Have you some plan of action in mind?"

"I have."

"What is it?"

He arose from the divan, and went over to the door, from whence he peered down the passageway to make sure that the Rajah was not yet returning. Assured that he would not be disturbed, he sat down beside me again.

"With the information I have given you," he resumed, "you could easily foil these carefully made plans of Mazajinfizzi."

"Yes; certainly."

"But instead of blocking them right at the start, would it not be better to let them go thru almost to a finish——"

"But why?"

"So that you would have the goods on him—complete evidence of his intriguing and guilt!"

I thought the matter over. "You're right," I agreed. He went on hurriedly now, anxious to have our interview over before any chance of the Rajah's dropping in upon us.

"Here is my plan," he said. "After the boat is lowered over the side—when all is in readiness—I will contrive to detain the Rajah for a few moments, see?"

"Yes—yes."

"During that interval, you climb down the ladder into the launch; the Rajah will follow soon after——"

"And seeing me there, the stuff will be all off!"

"No chance! There is a tiny cabin at one end of the launch; you will conceal yourself in there. The Rajah Mazajinfizzi—all unsuspicious—will climb down into the launch. Then you can spring out upon him! Now, the Rajah is of powerful build; I doubt if you can handle him for long. But the moment you grapple, call out loudly for help. Assistance will not be long in reaching you. Then—there is your man, the Ruby of Roo and the Florentine bust in his possession, and clear evidence that he is trying to make his escape from the ship. Now, by no possible trend of reasoning could the Rajah connect me with his capture and downfall. I will be avenged; you will regain your rightful property—and all at no appreciable risk. What do you think of it? In your estimation, what sort of plan is that?"

"Rotten!" I answered frankly.

He looked at me first with amazement, then with a scorn there was no mistaking this time.

"What's wrong with it?" he asked hotly.

"Well, a number of things."

"Perhaps—perhaps you're afraid to grapple with the Rajah."

"I'm not exactly what you might call keen for any such physical mix with Mazajinfizzi," I answered. "Still, I would do it—in a pinch."

"It looks to me as tho you were in a 'pinch' right now! Anyhow, it's up to you; I've shown you a way to get this tricky Rajah; it may be a long time before another opportunity comes. Now, just what is your objection? Don't you think this plan could be worked out?"

"With an ordinary mortal—yes."

"But against the Rajah?"

"I have my doubts."

"Why?"

"It's too complex; there are too many mixed up in it; too many to 'fix' in order to get the launch over."

He made no reply to this for a time; then he asked suddenly: "Have you a better plan—any plan whatever?"

"No."

"Well—there you are!"

What should I do? As I had told the valet, the plan did not sound any too good to me; still, I could not afford to remain passively idle and allow them to depart from the Maid of Normandy without at least making a supreme effort to regain my possessions. The valet had offered to help me; surely, I was not showing him much courtesy and consideration by doing nothing but find fault with his plan—especially, since I had no other to suggest. I reached over and clasped his hand.

"I'm with you—all the way!" I exclaimed. "Please don't think me ungrateful for hesitating; but I have been on the sorry end of it so many times in my dealings with Mazajinfizzi, I am a little less ready to take a chance—and more inclined to wait for a sure thing."

"I don't blame you," he answered, walking toward the door. "I can depend upon you then—at midnight?"

"Absolutely."

"Good! I'll send one of my men to let you know the exact moment to descend into the launch. Good-by—and good luck!"

Left alone with my own thoughts and reflections, I was seized in turn by wild hopes of success, and strange feelings of doubt and misgivings. What would the night bring forth? Would this Prince of India, who had successfully set so many traps for me, at last walk into one in which I had a share of the planning? The evening wore on slowly; it seemed to me that the hour of 12 would never come. I kept close to my room until shortly after 11; then, to relieve the tension upon my nerves, I went for a brisk walk upon the upper deck.

Such a night! Not a breath of breeze stirred; the air, hot and murky, seemed almost to suffocate, while around us was a darkness such as I have never seen at any other time. Our ship, propelled by the Diesel engines, was forging, phantom-like, deeper and deeper in an ebony atmosphere—a strange, dread world of black chaos. Away in the distance, from time to time, lightning flashed. Even that partook of the weird and uncanny—fantastic, darking streaks which one could fancy the signal lights of demons who were busy at plotting death and destruction.

The sailors were stowing the canvas. A storm was brewing, not a mere gale—rather a typhoon, more likely. How would this titanic game of the elements affect the one into which I was about to enter? Would the Rajah Mazajinfizzi have the nerve and hardihood—the indiscretion, perhaps—to leave the ship's side in a small launch under such threatening conditions? Well, he was given to accepting desperate chances when his need seemed to demand it; yes, I felt that he would work out his plan despite the danger signals of the elements.

I returned below. It seemed to me now that the ship's speed was lessening; very gradually, but surely, she was beginning to heave to. The supreme moment was almost at hand.

A low knock sounded at my door. A sailor stood there in the shadow. He spoke no word, but beckoned me to follow him. We went down along the passageway in silence, keeping much within the shadows. The deck seemed deserted. We reached the rail; a rope ladder extended down over the side, and down this I climbed without having seen a soul save only my dumb conductor.

A bell clanged. I reached the launch below; and at that instant the ropes which held it came toppling down from the davits above. The ship was beginning slowly to gather way—already a gulf yawned between her great hulk and the little launch—it widened! Then dawned the awful truth: I had been cast adrift, alone in a sea of darkness!

I could see it all now: I had been fooled again—cruelly tricked. The Rajah and the valet had wanted to get rid of me; the plan which I had entered was first conceived in the merciless mind of Mazajinfizzi himself!

I called out—shrieked wildly in my terror; the only answer was something which sounded like a loud, mocking laugh from the after-rail of the parting ship. It may have been but the moaning of the wind, for now the gale was beginning to come about in hot, fitful gusts. In a daze I watched the side-lights on the Maid of Normandy (green on the starboard, red on the port) grow fainter and fainter; watched them twinkle and glow, then one by one, fade from sight, as tho saying a reluctant farewell to me—and to all things earthly.

Then the storm broke.

CHAPTER VIII.

DAWN OF ANOTHER DAY.

THERE—hold your head back—so; now drink." Upon regaining consciousness, these were the first words which fell upon my ears. Weakly, I did as bidden, and the cool reviving water trickled down my parched throat.

I sank back upon the white sand; then, my strength beginning to return, I opened my eyes and looked up into the face bending over me; it was Rodney Bond!

His delight at beholding the light of returning reason in my eyes was equaled only by the tender solicitude with which he fussed over me, like an old hen with one chick.

"Where am I?" I asked feebly.

"You're right here, son!" was his hasty and rather noncommittal answer.

"But where——"

"Listen; you're not to talk—not yet! After a while I'll hear your tale—an' tell you mine; an' now I'm goin' to carry you down the coast a little way—down where I've got a cavern back among the crags that only you an' me'll know about; we'll be safer back there in the cave."

I am no lightweight, but he shouldered me as tho I was a kiddie. At his cave he laid me down upon a bed of dried seaweed and moss. "I've got to leave you now for a time," he said, "while I do away with certain traces of your comin' to the island of Mandalore——"

"Mandalore?"

"Yes; an' it's a good island for a half-drowned man to land on—an' a fine island for a well man to get away from as soon as he can; an' that's what you an' me will be doin' soon. So don't worry; I'll be right back to you again." He left me then, alone with my thoughts.

What of the night just passed? I could recall but little. I remembered, when the typhoon first struck, trying desperately to keep the launch head-on to the billows, which seemed to roll mountain-high; of being tossed and buffeted about in an inferno of blackness, interspersed with blinding flashes of lightning and the crash of thunder. For the first fifteen minutes or so I had endured the torments of the condemned in Hades! Shrill, menacing voices shrieked in my ears—angry, unseen hands seemed plucking at my clothes, tearing me limb from limb; then had come a sudden shock—and peace! In the violent pitching of the launch, I must have been thrown down, my head striking with terrific force; for after that I knew no more until I heard the voice of good old Rodney Bond imploring me to drink.

Thus I had come to Mandalore. What manner of land was it? Where was the little launch, which at my last remembrance was fighting so gallantly against frightful, overpowering odds?

I arose upon my elbow and looked around thru the dim interior of the cave. Evidently it was being used as a sort of storehouse by old Rodney; he had an odd assortment of junk collected there—drift washed up by the ocean. Then, standing upright in one corner, not six feet from my bed, I espied something which made me feel that I must still be out of my head. It was the figurehead from the Maid of Normandy!

The features were battered and marred; the gilt, much of it, was washed and scraped away from the hair, as was the paint from the form itself; but there was no mistaking it. There was still the same calm trust in the eyes; one hand stood pointing forward as tho maintaining—despite all that had transpired—the happiness and good fortune lay just beyond!

The typhoon—had it sent to the bottom of the ocean the trim little Maid of Normandy? Were there others who had suffered tortures during the night worse by far than my own—others who would have no such placid awakening as mine, but sleep on and on thru endless ages? The presence of the battered figurehead seemed to indicate as much; but the dumb lips could impart nothing of evil times and conditions; they could speak only of a trust in contentment to come, and had no tales to tell of deaths and drownings and struggling forms in a seething sea—nothing save only that which could be gathered from her own mute scars and bruises.

At that moment Rodney Bond returned. He found me half-raised, gazing with straining eyes at the image of wood.

"Well, Harold—you're the same ol' boy as ever!" he exclaimed jokingly. "I see you've spied out my lady friend—"

"Where did you get that?" I broke in, unheeding him.

"On the beach."

"When?"

"Half an hour before findin' you. Why?"

"Well, I have good cause to ask."

"Yes? Some particular reason?"

"Ample reason."

"How so?"

"Well—she and I left New York on the same ship!"

His astonishment was unfeigned. He asked me so many questions that I told him a portion of my adventures, tho I made no mention of either the Ruby of Roo or the Florentine bust; I confided to him that I had attempted to trail and circumvent the maneuvers of a certain Rajah and his villainous valet, and admitted that so far, in our numerous encounters, those two had all the best of it, even before their final, culminating coup, when they put me wholly out of the running by casting me adrift in the ocean.

He listened attentively, observing when I had finished: "A lot of drift was washed up on Mandalore last night. Somewhere, not far out, a ship must

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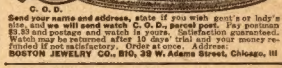

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have been wrecked. It may be that for you, after all, your leavin' the Maid of Normandy when you did was a blessin' in disguise!"

"I'll try to think so, at any rate," I assured him; then added, earnestly: "And now, Rodney Bond—whatever brought you to this far out-of-the-way isle? You've heard my story—most of it; I'm anxious to hear yours."

Instead of complying at once he went over to a corner of the cave; when he came back to me he carried some fresh dates, yams and some sort of luscious melon. "My story is a long one; you are famished for food and need nourishment. While you eat I will tell you all."

I needed no second invitation. During the moments of my unexpected meeting with Rodney Bond my thoughts had been too taken up to feel the need of food and the gnawing of hunger; but now I fell to with a relish. He took a seat upon a bowlder beside me and began his recital. At that instant a form appeared in the narrow entrance to the cavern; Rodney sprang to his feet.

"Mr. Morganblott," he said, "meet the Princess of Mandalore!"

CHAPTER IX.

THE PRINCESS OF MANDALORE.

I HAD experienced a number of shocks and surprises since that fateful afternoon at the American Art Galleries, but none greater, I dare say, than that which came to me when, with a slice of melon half-raised to my lips, I looked up and beheld this new arrival—the Princess of Mandalore! The little Florentine maiden come to radiant, pulsating life-size form and being—that was the Princess. The resemblance was more than just astonishing; it was astounding! The features, the eyes especially, the expression of the face, the lines of slim, lithe form—all were identical; even the manner of dressing the hair. I could detect but one change. The Florentine had on a green tunic cut square at the neck. This little maiden wore a long, close-fitting wrap of some soft, woven grasses or fiber.

She looked like a shy wood nymph; but when Rodney introduced us she courtesied with dainty grace and noticeable poise; however, seeing that I only stared at her, open-mouthed, a faint flush overspread her dark features, and she appeared abashed and disconcerted. Of course, I apologized then for my apparent rudeness, and arising somewhat unsteadily, made her my best bow, and took her proffered hand.

If she had been affected by my manner at first, with all the exuberance of buoyant youth she forgot it at once; she began talking in lively fashion with Rodney Bond, from time to time stealing a glance in my direction, for her curiosity concerning me was more than she could quite conceal.

"Now, Lucia," Rodney said to her, finally, "I'm about to tell our friend here how I came to be upon the island of Mandalore—how you happened to be here. You sit down beside me and listen, for he has come to aid us." She did as he requested, and Bond resumed: "It's rather a lengthy tale, Harold; I'll cut it short, puttin' in such details as you may care to ask about later."

Then, as I was finishing my early morning repast I heard his story.

"Fourteen years ago a ship bound for Rio Janeiro from Italy was wrecked off the shore of Mandalore. Among the passengers was a lady from Florence—widow of a nobleman of that city. With her was her only child—a little daughter, 3 years old. As the ship was sinkin', the mother—unmindful of her own fate—placed the child in the arms of a sailor, and begged him to save the little girl. The sailor's name was Reggio. With the chances a hundred to one against him, he at last reached shore with the child, safe and sound. Most all the others from the ship were drowned; Reggio supposed the child's mother had gone down, too; so, after six months or so on Mandalore, he (for a prize consistin' of many pearls an' rubies) gave the little girl over to the King of Mandalore to be brought up as a princess of the royal court!"

"And the mother?" I asked, eagerly.

"Was saved, too, it seems."

"And did she learn——"

"Wait—I'm coming to that. I had known Reggio. Six months ago I came across him in New York. He was sick. Then I lost track of him for a time; then I heard he was out at the Marine Hospital. I went to see him. He was dyin'. With his last moments of life he told me of the little Princess on the far-off island in the Southern seas. I asked him if the widow had given him her name; he nodded his head, weakly—he was almost gone. He murmured the one word—'Coiffi'—an' he died soon after."

That name! Where had I heard or seen it—or something similar? Then I remembered—on the base of the little Florentine bust!

"And then, Rodney?" I queried, anxiously.

"Well, to make it short, I went on a search for the mother; for if she still lived I wanted to bring her news of the child. It was discouragin' work; but at last I found her, livin' in a suburb of Boston. All those years she'd mourned her little girl as dead! I broke the news to her, gentle as I could; she most went dippy with joy when she heard—you know how them dago folks take on——"

"Yes—yes; what else?"

"Well, she was rich—mighty rich! An' livin' all alone in a big marble palace there out of Boston——"

"Go on!"

"She commissioned me to go at once on a search for her daughter—the little Lucia Coiffi—the Princess of Mandalore! Money wasn't nothin' to her; she gave me gold aplenty; I started for the Southern seas——"

"And you found the missing child!"

"Here she is."

"Fine! And now to get away——"

"That's the rub."

"You've told all this to no one else?"

"Only to Lucia."

"And the King——"

"Hates me like poison! I am supposed to be here on Mandalore to purchase at an immense sum the island's entire copra crop. The King wants to sell; I've told him another man would come, bringin' the gold. You are that man!"

"And you have the necessary gold?"

"Yes—hidden; I do not trust ol' King Bolero! We've been stallin' along waitin' for a chance to escape from the island with little Lucia—an' now I think a chance has come."

"How?"

"In the launch that brought you here!"

"Is it all right—seaworthy?"

"No, it is badly battered; the engine is out of fix. I can put it to rights——"

"But the natives—the people of Mandalore——"

"They don't come to this side of the coast much; they've got some sort of superstitious ideas against it! I've pulled the launch in shore among the crags; it is not apt to be found. I'll get it ship-shape, put in food an' water; an' some night we will put forth to strike the course of the big ships—provided, of course, you're goin' to help the little lady——"

I jumped to my feet.

"Help her! I'll help her as long as I have breath of life left in my body!" I exclaimed, a trifle melodramatically, perhaps, but with utmost sincerity.

"I knew you would." Rodney observed quietly; and altho the little Princess spoke no word, her eyes were filled with gratitude and thanks that needed no verbal expression.

"Now, listen, Rodney," I resumed. "Until I heard your story, I was obsessed with an idea that I had a very important mission here in the Southern seas—business of my own. Now all that is cast aside; I am yours to command; all our attention must be given to saving Lucia Coiffi—and returning her safely to her mother. My own personal quest—well, I may as well tell you something about it, briefly: A ruby was stolen from me in New York; I trailed the one who purloined it aboard a ship bound for a certain island not far from here. On board that ship, this same party stole from me another possession—a square, lacquer-ware box containing something for which I had but recently paid a small fortune. Finally, by intrigue and false pretenses, I was tricked into the launch, and cast adrift. You know the rest—and here I am, and mighty glad of it."

I stopped abruptly.

Lucia Coiffi had arisen quickly, and without a word to either of us, darted swiftly out the entrance of the cavern.

"Where's she gone?" I asked.

Rodney rubbed his chin, dubiously.

"Search me!" he answered. "She's a strange little miss—with strange notions; but she's sharp as they make 'em! She's got some plan in her pretty head; we can only wait to learn. She'll doubtless be back soon."

We talked for some time, discussing plans; he told me much concerning the island and the habits of the natives. We were interrupted suddenly by a great noise and outcry from without; discordant shrieks and shouts which seemed drawing closer.

We both jumped to our feet; and at that instant Lucia came rushing in, and threw herself into Rodney's arms, casting frightened glances behind her. Close in her wake came a dozen great brawny, painted savages. Despite our efforts, they tore the little shrinking Princess away, talking meanwhile in a language which neither Rodney nor I could understand. We sprang in upon them again, but were crushed down, bruised and bleeding.

Just at the entrance, she turned her pitiful face toward us and called back:

"I am to be held a prisoner—at the command of King Bolero!"

This remarkable story will be continued in the next issue of the Ledger. During the coming months many great stories will appear in these columns. If you are not already a subscriber for this paper, it will repay you to send in a year's subscription. It costs you only $1.00, and you will never regret it. Let us hear from you at once.

The Pocket Mystery.

Usher one day some time ago shouted upstairs to Mrs. Usher that he found his watch was slow and that she had just five minutes to make the train to the golf club.

"Gracious!" wailed Mrs. Usher back at him. "I never can—there's a thin spot in the heel of my stocking right above the edge of my low shoes and it'll rub into a hole in no time. It's silk——"

"Take along another pair!" ordered Usher, gruffly. "You can change out there and there won't be a soul around and it's such a bully day—oh, come along!"

Thereupon Mrs. Usher came along, frantically struggling into a heavy coat and stuffing hosiery and handkerchiefs into her husband's pockets.

"There," she said, triumphantly, when they had played nine holes. "Look at my stocking!" An unmistakable hole showed above the line of her low shoe. "What did I tell you?"

"You can change when we go in for luncheon," said Usher. "I left my coat hanging up in the little hall just outside the lunchroom—everything else has been shut up."

Mrs. Usher found the coat. There were two others next it. Only a few hardy persons were playing golf in the nipping air. After a while she reappeared bearing in her hands a crumpled ball of brown silk, the discarded hosiery. Just as she reached her hand toward the overcoat pocket Usher called from the hall.

"Yes," she answered, "I'm coming!" and hastily rammed home the hosiery.

"I'll be said at this point that Usher's coat hung very close to the next one. The next one belonged to Benning.

That evening as Benning settled himself comfortably with the evening paper there was a little choking sound in the hall, and presently Mrs. Benning stood before him tragically holding out something brown.

"Huh?" asked Benning, peering at the brown thing.

"What, may I ask," demanded his wife, "are you doing with brown silk stockings in your coat pocket, Arthur? Kindly answer me that!"

She shook out the hosiery to its full and incriminating length.

"Don't look so idiotic!" she cried when she could stand the strain no longer.

"Why-why," stammered Benning, "I don't know a thing about them."

Whereupon Mrs. Benning went into hysterics and cried that Benning never had loved her anyway and what had she ever done that such an awful thing should blight her life?

"Darling," cried the frantic Benning, "let me explain!"

"Then explain!" blazed his wife.

"Good Lord!" groaned Benning, after a wild instant. "I can't! I——"

"I shall go home to mother," announced Mrs. Benning. "I shall tell the janitor to bring up my trunks."

The rest of that night Mrs. Benning held her outraged head very high while carrying things from the closets and bureau drawers to trunks, Benning alternately tagging after her, piteously expostulating, or sunk in the biggest armchair in an attitude expressive of complete weariness with the world.

"I know it sounds foolish," he moaned, "to say I don't know how the confounded things got there, but——"

"It certainly does!" Mrs. Benning assured him, frostily. "I at least gave you credit for more imagination."

It was just after Mrs. Benning had telephoned for a taxi in the morning that the 'phone rang and Benning stumbled to it.

"Hello!" said Usher's voice. "Say, have you by any chance got my wife's brown silk stockings in your overcoat pocket——"

"Here! Hurry!" yelled Benning, beckoning frantically to Mrs. Benning. "Come and listen to this!"

"I don't care!" said Mrs. Benning some moments later, when the crying and forgiving were over. "I never did like that Mrs. Usher, anyhow. "And now, Arthur Benning, you can just set to work and help me unpack."

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Or, The Search for Xeno

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CHAPTER XVII.

A TRIP TO LAYTON BOULEVARD.

AS HE finished the article Clint handed it to the girl without a word. Dazed by the sinister suggestion given out by it, he watched her absently as she read it thru quickly from beginning to end. She looked up finally and shivered slightly.

"It—it—gives me the shivers—the very suggestion of an individual forgetting his identity and perhaps wandering thru society in that condition. It——" She lapsed into silence.

Clint, slumped down into his chair, with his hands in his pockets and his chin on his breast, was still thinking, pondering, puzzling. Beyond all doubt the riddle of the disappearance of Xeno Zanthus Farrell was slowly dissolving. And if, thru the revelation, they were enabled to go to him under his unaccountably assumed identity of Eugene Nye—what then? But as a sudden thought struck him he looked up.

"The thing is rapidly untangling at last," he remarked to Pomeroy, in a low voice. "But," he added, "the news article states that the patients came out of their peculiar state on the removal of the operator."

Pomeroy shook his head doubtfully. He turned over the leaves of his authoritative volume. "Then let me read you the statement on—on—here it is—regarding the duration of hypnotic states and their termination. It says:

"'The hypnotic state tends to terminate spontaneously. In slight hypnosis, or in cases where a patient has been under the same operator time and time again, this usually occurs as soon as the operator leaves the patient. In more profound stage, however, or where a patient is unduly influenced by the mind of the operator, it may occur either spontaneously or after the lapse of several hours. But the suggestion put forth during hypnosis may persist for any length of time, depending upon whether the operator has included a future hour for the suggestion to cease.'

"That," said Pomeroy, closing the book with a snap, "explains the whole thing and clinches the solution. Xeno went to the Crystal Theater. When Professor Hypno called for volunteers, he went up on the stage out of curiosity. The professor hypnotized his regular patients, and gave them the usual strange and bizarre suggestions. He then commenced upon the feat of placing his volunteers in the hypnotic state, during which he would have suggested—and did at least to Xeno—that each one forget absolutely the memory of his own identity. Later, of course, each person coming from the hypnotic state would have forgotten all connection with his identity on account of what Professor Bennett calls 'the interruption between the ganglion cells.' Thereupon the professor would have placed his patient again in hypnosis, suggested or re-established the ganglion cell connection, and, bringing him out, allowed him to return to his seat in the audience. Each one, including Xeno, would have constituted a walking advertisement during the coming year for Professor Hypno, for the tendency of any one would be to relate to several hundred people about any such unusual experience as one in which, for a few minutes, he lost his own identity.

"But," the lawyer went on, "something unusual occurred which was not on the professor's scnedule. His heart got him right in the middle of his act. With the exception of Xeno, his volunteers returned to their seats without having undergone the unique experience which they had invited. As to Xeno, without doubt the first patient, he came out of his hypnosis spontaneously and also returned to his seat. But"—Pomeroy raised a hand meaningly—"the young fellow who returned to Xeno Zanthus Farrell's seat no longer knew that he was Xeno Zanthus Farrell. On the outside of the theater, frightened by the strange and persisting lapse of memory that had come over him, he went to a hotel downtown, probably using money from the funds which he usually carried on his person, according to you, Mr. Farrell. Next day he saw the advertisement of Mr. Gustav Shultz-Mullenbauser, and evidently finding by trial that he was able to use the pot-hooks of stenography and operate the keys and levers of a typewriter, he answered the ad.

"Mr. Shultz-Mullenhauser, priding himself on the fact that he is a reader of character from face and action, hired him as a private or resident secretary; and Xeno Zanthus Farrell, now having taken the name of Eugene Nye either from the papers or from the city directory, purchased a new outfit of clothing and entered the Shultz-Mullenhauser household. In his wardrobe, however, was a relic of the submerged past—a collar bearing the initials X. Z. F., the one which he was wearing as he left the Crystal Theater that night, and the same one he had on the night he tried to pull his 26th street stunt. We all know what happened after his entrance into the Shultz-Mullenhauser household; how he heard"—Pomeroy glanced toward Merle—"your brother outlining the letter from Peter Krop and telling you that you had better go to St. Paul and try to regain the forged salary checks and the unfortunate confession; how he followed you to St. Paul, knowing that he had something on you and believing that he could persuade you to go West with him. Now, I can readily see why he would not include marriage in his suggestion. Not knowing the secret of his own identity, he dared not marry for fear he was already married; that would make him open to the charge of bigamy and a penitentiary sentence."

Pomeroy stopped, whereupon Clint put in a query:

"Then the only thing to do, in the absence of any definite action on the matter of persuading Double-Eye Eddie McGuirk—now in the Nagahotah jail—to give up his prize, is to make tracks at once for this Layton boulevard house—and—and gain an audience with Xeno—as—as Eugene Nye. After that—well—we'll see when we come to it."

Pomeroy nodded and raised the receiver of the 'phone. "What 'phone number is the Layton boulevard residence, Miss Seagrove?"

She told him. He rang the number.

"Hello, Shultz-Mullenhauser residence? Call Mr. Eugene Nye to the 'phone, if you please."

A pause followed.

"Not there? Won't be back for an hour or more? I see. Thank you."

He hung up the receiver and, spinning around in his chair, rose and took up his hat from the desk.

"Come," he commanded the other two. "We'll have to take the bull by the horns. I had hoped to make Mahomet come to the mountain, but I'm afraid we'll have to make the mountain go to Mahomet."

He led the way from the office and downstairs to where the auto with the trim chauffeur was still waiting. All three stepped in. "Police headquarters on Broadway—once more," he directed the driver.

The auto rolled away, and altho Clint was puzzled, he made no comment, lost in his contemplation of the strange spell—almost like witchcraft—that could have changed Xeno Zanthus Farrell into Eugene Nye. Five minutes later the machine shot up to the big drab building on Broadway, and Pomeroy sprang out with instructions for Merle and Clint to remain in their seats until he returned.

He was gone for a long—indeed a very long—time. Clint and the girl talked together in subdued tones, meticulously avoiding the strange feature that had loomed up with such importance in their lives, discussing instead intimate little things of their earlier life and topics of mutual interest that might help to bring about a more close acquaintanceship; and this, the each did not realize it exactly, was what both were unconsciously striving for.

Finally, however, Pomeroy showed up, at his side an elderly man with a white mustache and gold-rimmed eyeglasses.

"This is Doctor Culperson, official physician and psychopathic investigator of Milwaukee police headquarters," he explained, as he opened the door and ushered the newcomer in. "Had a long talk with the chief, and finally persuaded him to let us go out there to the Layton boulevard home and look about. It took very careful sketching out of the situation to avoid mentioning the contents of that packet of yours, Miss Seagrove, but I managed to get around it, nevertheless. But we'll go out and look over Eugene Nye's room while he's out of it." He nodded to the chauffeur. "Three hundred Layton boulevard."

The machine took a westward course, swinging out along Greenfield avenue, and finally turning the splendid corner of Layton boulevard, with its green grass plot along the center of the street and its bungalows and more pretentious residences of the richer Milwaukeeans.

In front of a big graystone residence at number 300 the machine came to a grating, whining stop. Pomeroy, with his hand on the door of the car, turned to Merle. "I think, Miss Seagrove," he said, "that you'd better remain where you are on account of your unpleasant connections with this place. Doctor Culperson, Mr. Farrell and myself will make the examination."

Up the broad gravel path which led to a flight of wide, carved stone steps the three men went. Doctor Culperson pressed the push button of a massive bronze disc. A moment later the door was opened by a butler, clad in a gray suit with silver buttons.

"We wish to have a look at Mr. Nye's room," said Pomeroy. We have orders from the chief of police of Milwaukee."

The butler did not budge from his position in the door, but even slightly closed it in their faces. "I'll 'ave to speak to th' missus habout that," he said officiously.

But at this juncture Doctor Culperson stuck his foot in the rapidly narrowing aperture. "None of that, my man!" He jerked out a stamped and legal paper, and as he did so the gleam of a detective star shone from the tip of his vest. "In case you people may want to obstruct things, I have here a warrant charging hold-up against one Xeno Zanthus Farrell—alias Eugene Nye. So take us upstairs to his room and be quick about it."

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The butler, overawed by this sudden information, stood dumbly aside from the door. The three men filed in. The butler closed the door behind him, then led the way up a richly carpeted, hand-carved staircase to the third floor, where he conducted them down a broad hall with hardwood floors. At the end of it he opened the door of a small, simply furnished, but clean, light room.

"'Ere, sirs, is Mr. Nye's room."

Without a word Pomeroy strode over to the chiffonier, on the edge of which stood an ordinary collar box of heavy ornamental cardboard. He worked off the cover and, fishing his hand down into it, drew out a few of the collars it contained. Both Clint and Culperson, at his shoulders, watched carefully as he unfolded each collar and examined the laundry mark. Each one in turn, however, showed only the black India ink initials: E. N.

Impatiently, Pomeroy grasped the collar box and tipped it over, allowing the loose starched linen collars to tumble out on the white scarf of the chiffonier. One or two remained caught on account of their springiness and the consequent friction between them and the sides of the box; so he shook it roughly and even knocked against the bottom with the flat of his hand.

Then something surprising happened.

A circular disc of cardboard, evidently cut by scissors, and of the same size, shape and material as the bottom of the box, tumbled out on top of the sprawling collars; and directly on top of the circular disc slid a stream of sparkling brilliants, held together by a fine necklace wire.

The surprised butler, who had been surveying the performance frigidly from the doorway, was the first to break the silence.

"Good 'eavens!" he grunted fervently. "Hit's—hit's the missus' stolen necklace!"

For several long seconds all four men stood staring dumbly at the prize which had so unexpectedly entered the game during the examination of the obviously new collars. Then footsteps sounded along the hallway outside, and the butler suddenly stood aside as a young man with black hair and blue eyes entered the room, his hat in his hand.

The latter's face flushed angrily, then paled; and he paused, stock-still, in the middle of the room.

"'Ere's the blooming, bloody chap 'isself," wheezed the butler, pointing an accusing finger at the newcomer. "'Ere, gents, is Huegene Nye 'isself."

Clint spun around like a top at the Englishman's words. But one look at the newcomer was sufficient.

Eugene Nye was not Xeno Zanthus Farrell!

CHAPTER XVIII.

THE SHOW-DOWN.

THE momentary tableau was broken short by a sudden rush for the doorway by the black-haired young man. But that move was effectively stopped by the stolid English butler, who blocked up the opening with his corpulent figure.

"No ye don't, laddie!" he snarled, holding out his arms.

The young fellow raised a fist to strike out, but like a flash Doctor Culperson shot across the narrow room and pinioned his arms back of him. Then he faced him about and brought him back to the center of the room, where he waited for Clint to speak.

"No," said Clint, slowly, much to the surprise of Gordon Pomeroy at least; "I never saw this man before in my life!"

"And he's not—not Xeno Zanthus?" ejaculated the lawyer. He dropped weakly into a nearby chair. "Not—not—Xeno, after all? Well, I'll be——" He smiled grimly. "A most beautiful iridescent bubble burst to pieces, gentlemen."

Doctor Culperson was looking down at the pinioned young man in front of him.

"Your name Nye?" he inquired brusquely.

The other nodded sullenly, staring at the detective badge on the older man's vest. Culperson glanced toward the butler. "Bring Mrs. Shultz-Mullenhauser up here at once."

The butler disappeared.

"So you're the fellow who pulled off that diamond-stealing episode?" said Culperson, wonderingly. "And the boys at headquarters all thought it was Merle Seagrove." He gazed sternly at the other. "What have you got to say for yourself?"

Nye smiled sickly. "I guess nothing I've got to say is going to help matters any. You fellows have the goods on me. I lifted it the night the folks had their doings downstairs—just after the doings were over and before Miss Seagrove left the house. I'd been waiting a week for the chance, and I had that double bottom made, so I could stash it in a jiffy in case of a sudden alarm. I stashed it all right, and then went out on my trip for old Shultzie downstairs; but I followed the governess instead." He gazed out of the window, far and away. "Had a kind of crush on her. If she'd have skipped with me westward, I'd have come home first, got my things together and walked out of the house with the sparklers." He sighed regretfully. "But I lose out, I guess. You guys are pretty wise ones, tho. How'd you ever get next to piking off that collar box? That's what gets me. Seems as if——"

But his words were broken off by the entrance into the room of a fleshy German woman, dressed in black silk and with two expensive diamond earrings in her ears. Her hand was still clutching a napkin, showing that she had just arisen from lunch.

One glance across the room at the tangle of tumbled collars, the overturned collar box, the circular false bottom and the sparkling heirloom, and she rushed across the room and seized it trembilingly, almost unbelievingly.

"My necklace!" she cried. "And—and Bowleigh—you say it was here all the time?"

The butler nodded emphatically. "Mr. Shultz-Mullen'auser's honest secretary 'ad it, mum. But h'I'm thinkin' these gents 'll explain.

While explanations were going on, Clint slipped from the room and made his way downstairs to the waiting automobile in order to tell the girl of the most surprising developments in the case. While he was talking to her, she accepting it all almost unbelievingly, the austere lady who just a moment ago had been in the upstairs room flew down the broad stone steps of the house with no regard whatever for dignity, and came out to the car, where she seized Merle's slim hand which rested on the edge of the door.

"My dear, dear girl," she implored, speaking with a very slight German accent, "how can you ever forgive us here for all the trouble and misery we have caused you? He destroyed the note you left, so—so what could we think?" She stopped in despair. "Dear girl, I feel terribly about the affair. I do not know what to do to make it right with you."

"Say no more," said Merle, weakly. "I know that it wasn't your fault, Mrs. Shultz-Mullenhauser. I have no hard feelings against any one in the affair—except perhaps the police. But I'm so glad I'm exonerated that I'm willing to forgive even them."

"But promise me one thing," the silk-clad woman on the curbing begged, "that you will come to the house tonight when Gustav is home, so that we may all talk over this thing and how to make it right with you. Believe me, Merle, we shan't forget what you have gone thru. You will come?"

The girl nodded. "Gladly. But you owe me nothing." She paused. "May I ask what you are going to do—to—Mr. Nye?"

The woman on the sidewalk gazed unseeingly up Layton boulevard. "I—I am so glad to receive back that necklace which was in the Mullenhauser branch of the family for so many years, that, like you, Merle, I am willing to forgive. I shall let this detective lock him up, but I don't think I shall prosecute. And Gustav will side in with me, I'm sure."

At this juncture Gordon Pomeroy came down to the machine from the steps. He stepped into the car. Mrs. Shultz-Mullenhauser shook hands with every one in it and beamed broadly on each occupant in turn. Then, with Pomeroy's nod to the chauffeur, the machine swung off up Layton boulevard.

"Stop at the first drug store," Pomeroy ordered over the chauffeur's shoulder. He turned to the other two in the car. "Gentlemen, startling revelation in the room upstairs and the bursting of our elaborate bubble, Mr. Farrell, I've been going over your entire story again in detail. And I think this time we'll not make such a bull as the last." He looked off toward the rapidly receding roadway. "At least we've got one more chance to uncover your branch of the mystery."

In a fraction of a minute the driver drew up at a drug store on Greenfield avenue, indicated plainly by its huge gilded mortar and pestle outside. Pomeroy sprang out and made his way inside. From the machine Clint could see him consulting the pages of a ponderous Milwaukee city directory. Presently the lawyer reappeared and climbed in again.

"Shoot us as quickly as possible to 3428 Clybourn street," he ordered the chauffeur. "Cut across the gashouse district and the river slips if you have to save time." He turned again to the other two, as the machine rolled easily away. "This is Saturday afternoon," he explained cryptically, "and most business houses are closed. On the strength of that I'm hoping to learn something illuminating before long."

The girl made no comment and Clint asked no questions. The older man appeared suddenly self-confident that he was going to reveal something of importance; so the others were each content to wait until Pomeroy should uncover something of moment.

For a mile or so the machine rolled eastward. Then it cut north across a tangle of railroad yards, gashouses, coke ovens, and foundries, and crossed three ill-smelling, oily black canals, finally coming out on Clybourn street, a thorofare filled with neat frame dwellings, covered with vines and showing other evidences of care on the part of their owners. The chauffeur turned westward here, and proceeded undeviatingly in that direction. As the car flew on, the houses became more pretentious, giving away to modern orange-brick flat buildings, which showed that some few years ago this region had been vacant land on the outskirts of the city, but was now being built up with the more modern form of dwelling. Far out, indeed, so far out that each building was separated from other buildings by vacant lots, the chauffeur drew up at a small, new, trim flat building, which bore the number 3428. As the machine came to a stop Clint saw, above the narrow marble-tiled entrance, the carved letters: "SUNNYSIDE BACHELOR APARTMENTS."

Pomeroy jumped out and led the way, motioning to both Merle and Clint to accompany him, which they did. Inside the vestibule he consulted a row of mailboxes for a brief second, then forged straight upstairs to the third floor, where he rapped evenly on the polished door of an apartment. A pause ensued, then the door swung open, revealing a young man with flaming red hair and slightly narrow forehead.

"Your name is Mr. Thomas Slinger?" asked Pomeroy.

"At your service," said the selfsame young fellow whom Clint had interviewed in the small offices of the Southern Wisconsin Brewing Company. "What can I do for you?"

"Want to have a look at that collar you're wearing," shot back the older man, "as well as some of the other articles of wearing apparel you——"

The man in the doorway paled for a second; it seemed to Clint that even his flaming red hair turned a shade less red. He tried feebly to close the door in Pomeroy's face, but the latter was too quick for him. His open hand shot out and snatched at the younger man's collar; with a jerk he tore it off, the collar button flying up in the air like a miniature projectile.

With his foot firmly planted in the door, Pomeroy opened out the collar he had so unceremoniously taken possession of. The laundry mark read: "X. Z. F."

He glanced up. "Well, Mr. Slinger, either tell us where that collar came from, or be arrested and tried for attempted highway robbery on 26th street of this city."

Slinger paused uncertainly; then he swung open the door and stood aside glumly.

"Come in," he invited grudgingly. "I guess I'm backed to the wall. I'll spout you the whole thing."

CHAPTER XIX.

A SOLUTION AT LAST.

POMEROY pressed in, Merle and Clint following. Slinger led the way down a short hall and into a light, well-furnished room, with more or less evidences, however, of bachelorhood, for newspapers were scattered all over the rug and library table, and a pair of polka-dotted red socks hung over the chandelier. The room, which appeared to be a sitting-room of Slinger's bachelor apartment, presented at the right an open doorway which led to a small parlor containing a card table covered with playing cards and poker chips; to the left, in closed door, which evidently led to the rear rooms of the apartment.

Slinger sullenly closed the door by which they had entered and went over to the window, where he thrust his hands dejectedly in his pockets and gazed out on sunny Clybourn street. Suddenly he spun around and looked at Pomeroy, ignoring the two younger people.

"Well," he grunted, "detective, eh? And

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what do you want to know? Why I pulled that stunt on 26th street, eh?" He shrugged his shoulders. "Nice mess I got myself into, I guess."

Pomeroy leaned forward. "No, I'm not a detective," he stated, "neither are any of us." He pointed to Clint. "But it does rest with that young man, tho, whether or not you go down to 476 Broadway. But hurry up and explain your mess, if you're going to. We're not here to hold a tea party, by any means." He paused. Again he indicated Clint. "You knew that he had something on him that incriminated Phil Seagrove, didn't you, Slinger? But how did you know it? And why did you want it?"

"Reason enough," shot back Thomas Slinger, surlily. "I should have had that business managership that Seagrove's got today. Why, say—I was with that company from the day it first started. Why the devil should he be promoted above my head in the reorganization? It was damnably unfair on the part of the company, that's all." He lapsed into silence for a second, then suddenly spoke up angrily: "Yes, you bet your life that when Seagrove got that St. Paul letter at the office last Saturday and turned pale, I knew something was wrong. And when he left it on his desk to step into the booth and answer the private 'phone, you can bet that yours truly beat it over and read it thru." His voice took on a sneer. "And then I discovered that the honorable business manager who was my own boss was nothing but a self-confessed forger and thief."

"And you'd like to have had that confession and those forged checks, eh, Slinger," said Pomeroy, "to hand over to the president of the Southern Wisconsin Brewing Company? That would have put Seagrove out on the sidewalk and Thomas Slinger in Seagrove's swivel chair."

Slinger dropped down on the sofa and nodded. "Well—yes—I might as well admit it. I'd have run him out of the company if I'd had that stuff that the St. Paul man spoke about in the letter. But I couldn't get it, and I couldn't prove it, either."

"But how," Clint put in, "did you know that I had the confession and the forged salary checks, when I merely came into your office and asked for Seagrove?"

"Humph!" sneered Slinger, glaring at him. "Said you had something 'personal and important' to go into his hands, didn't you? Didn't evince any willingness to leave it, did you? Said you'd gone straight to his house from the Union Depot at 9 o'clock the night before, and found he'd left." He paused, and smiled with some degree of self-satisfaction. "The Milwaukee Flyer from St. Paul pulls into the Union Depot about that time. And three twos added together always make six, my friend. I knew in a minute that you'd been sent down here by this man Krop to close up the little financial exchange with Seagrove. So I gave you a bum steer when I told you he'd be back at about 2 o'clock Thursday night and would go straight home. I needed just that time to think things over. And Thursday evening—well—you know the rest. I tried to get 'em; if I had, Seagrove would have been out of a good job. That's all. What are you going to do? Send for the cops and make a hold-up charge?"

A pause followed, during which every one waited for every one else to speak. But Clint finally broke the silence.

"Yet all this," he said wearily, "doesn't explain about the collar with the initials X. Z. F. on it."

Slinger wrinkled up his forehead. "Oh, that? That hasn't much to do with this situation. That collar belongs to a young fellow that was knocked down in front of the Crystal Theater by one of the company's motor trucks, one night about two weeks ago. When the driver picked him up, he was in a daze and all muddy and dirty; so the company had him brought out here to my diggings. They wanted to steer clear of any damage suits, you see. All he had on him was some money, a ticket to the Crystal Theater, and a Chinese laundry check. He didn't know who he was, and the laundry we drew out on his check only gave us the clew X. Z. F. Chink that ran the laundry didn't know him. Company afterward sent a specialist out here to look him over. Old graybeard said he was suffering from shock-stupor; traumatic psychosis, he called it. Said all the young fellow needed to bring him back to himself was to get a powerful shock by seeing something connected with his past identity. He——"

Slinger's words were interrupted by the slow opening of the door that led from the room to the rear of the tiny apartment. A young man with blue eyes and dark, sleek hair, dressed in a faded red bathrobe, entered the room and stood dazedly on the threshold.

"Tom," he said in a dull lifeless tone, his eyes staring vacantly toward Slinger, "can't I go out? Can't I go out, Tom? I want to go out. Please——"

But he stopped short as Clint, across the room, rose to his feet. Even before the latter had spoken a word, the utter lack of recognition, the dull look in the eyes, the lifeless expression on the face, changed to a sweeping gaze of realization, as tho a thousand memories and emotions were struggling for mastery. Dazedly, he passed his hands over his forehead.

"Clint!" he cried. "Clint! Clint! What are—where am——" He turned to Slinger, who was looking on, bewildered. "Oh, Tom, Tom, Tom, Tom," he stammered, "it all comes back to me now! I remember everything—everything. I'm Xeno Zan—Zan—Zanthus Farrell of—of—of—Wauwaukauchee Lake, Wisconsin." He broke into tears of relief. "Oh, Clint—Clint!" he said, as the older brother came over to him silently. "I'm so glad you came, Clint. It's all been a horrible dream to me."

* * * * * * *

Thirty minutes later, Clint Farrell and Merle Seagrove stood downstairs in the inner vestibule of the Sunnyside Bachelor Apartments, waiting while Slinger and Pomeroy dressed Xeno in preparation for the return to Wauwaukauchee Lake. The afternoon sun, pouring thru the glass panels of the door, flooded the inner space with light which reflected back to the girl's face. She leaned against the marble wall of the vestibule, looking up at him.

"Good-by," she said sadly, yet smiling up at him. "You were so good to me, Mr. Farrell—or shall I say just Clint? If it hadn't been for you, Phil would have been ruined with his new position, and ——" She stopped.

Clint picked up her slim white hand. "Merle," he gulped, "I'm just plain Clint Farrell of a little town in Wisconsin. But I wanted to tell you as we part company for good that—that I love you. You know French and music and a heap of things that I don't know anything about, and I suppose that to you I'm just—well—just a country boy. I've got half of a $14,000 real estate sale coming to me this week—and I only wish I had the courage to ask you if you'd like to share it with me—back in the sleepy little town of Wauwaukauchee Lake." He dropped her hand. "But maybe you'd much rather go on taking care of Mrs. Shultz-Mullenhauser's children?"

She blushed a second. Then she looked up in his face.

"I—I think I would rather take care of—of you," she said softly.

The End.

* * *

THE DEMON HORSE.

"I had forgotten about horses," said the girl who likes to talk, "until I had been visiting the Owlings in the country for three days. Then Mrs. Owling said she had to go to the village to buy provisions. She sighed when she said it, to my surprise, because there seemed to be nothing especially tragic in the prospect. But Mrs. Owling's brow grew more troubled. 'I'll have to drive Bill!' she moaned.

"'Well, what of it?' I inquired.

"Mrs Owling regarded me in a hurt sort of way. 'What of it?' she echoed. 'Why, he's a horse in the first place and he's horribly dangerous. I can't tell you how many times he has run away. It makes me positively ill to think of him!'

"'Why on earth,' I asked, 'do you keep him then?'

"'Oh,' said Mrs. Owling, 'we need him about the place. If the man were here he could drive Bill in for us!'

"That 'us' gave me a jolt. It seemed to imply that Mrs. Owling intended to have company in whatever disaster lay in store for her. 'Am I to go along on this expedition?' I inquired aghast.

"'Of course!' Mrs. Owling cried with feverish enthusiasm. 'The country is perfectly lovely and I wouldn't have you miss it for anything! If you want to, I'll let you do the driving.' She ended with a great air of nonchalance, altho I looked at her sternly.

"'Once when I was too young to know better I had driven a horse, so I didn't back down at this crisis. 'Let's go look at Bill,' I suggested.

"Mrs. Owling paused at the stable door and then tiptoed in as tho she expected Bill to rush out and bite if his meditations were rudely disturbed. Somewhere in the half-gloom a tail switched, and Mrs. Owling grabbed my arm and screamed with her hand against her heart. I was getting nervous myself by this time.

"'Oh,' she gasped. 'I thought he had got loose!' It was precisely the tone that the keeper of a ferocious, man-eating tiger would have used.

"Bill proved to be a large, bony, gray animal built on the Gothic style. He rolled one eye at us casually and then stamped a forefoot. Mrs. Owling shrieked again.

"'Lucy,' said I, firmly, 'stop it! If we've got to harness this creature, let's begin! Sunset is only eight hours distant! What goes on him first—this corset thing or his shoes and stockings?'

"We finally got Bill dressed and tied to the surrey, and he had been so amiable that I grew quite peevish at Mrs. Owling. 'I can't see,' I said, 'why any one should be afraid of him. He's as lumbering as a cow and he's half asleep.'

"'That's because you don't know anything at all about him!' Lucy retorted, indignantly. 'He's dangerous, I tell you! Just you wait!'

"I quaked inside when I picked up those reins. Perhaps there were unsuspected depths in Bill's nature. We started. Bill raised one foot and then lowered it with such a whack that my spinal column felt the impact. Then he raised and lowered a second, a third, a fourth. I was immensely thankful that he was not a centipede. We moved forward a yard. Then he repeated the performance.

"I reached for the whip, but Mrs. Owling caught my arm. 'Don't,' she shrieked, piteously. 'Oh, don't! Do you want us to be killed?'

"Once we met an automobile and Lucy climbed right out, shrieking at me because I stuck by the ship. The road was narrow, so I turned Bill out on one side and gripped the reins murderously as the machine approached. I felt sorry for the car if Bill decided to jump that way instead of into the ditch. He blinked as it whizzed by and never stopped switching his tail. The awful moment had passed.

"Lucy climbed back, still pale. She said there ought to be a law against automobiles, and she couldn't imagine why Bill hadn't smashed things.

"We got into town at last, and Lucy made me hitch Bill on a side street because she said she wouldn't risk him on Main street in the crowd. She said she hoped he wouldn't pull up the telephone pole that I tied him to, or anything.

"On the way home I managed to give Bill a surreptitious blow or two with the whip, and when he lunged forward Lucy grabbed the air and whimpered. There! What did I tell you? What on earth did he shy at?

"Bill plodded into the barn with no more animation than he had had when he started. Lucy tumbled out with a deep sigh of relief. 'My!' she cried. 'I'm thankful we're at home again safe and sound! I consider that we had a very narrow escape with that automobile and then again when the factory whistle blew—don't you?'

"'Yes, Lucy,' I told her. 'I think we had a perfectly awfully narrow escape from going to sleep both going and coming!'"

* * *

OUT FISHIN'.

A feller gits a chance to dream
Out fishin';
He learns the beauties of a stream
Out fishin';
An' he can wash his soul in air
That isn't foul with selfish care
An' relish plain an' simple fare
Out fishin'.

A feller's glad to be a friend
Out fishin';
A helpin' hand he'll always lend
Out fishin';
The brotherhood of rod an' line,
An' sky an' stream is always fine;
Men come real close to God's design
Out fishin'.

A feller isn't plotting schemes
Out fishin';
He's only busy with his dreams
Out fishin';
His livery is a coat of tan,
His creed: To do the best he can;
A feller's always mostly man
Out fishin'.

Spectacles ON TRIAL Free

Don't Send Me One Cent

I will send you a pair of my "Perfect Vision" Glasses FREE, so you can judge them for yourself

Summer time is the most trying of all seasons on the eyes. The sun glares, the air is full of dust and grit, the heat hurts and burns, and you strain your eye nerves. You must therefore get glasses to protect your eyes.

I am putting on the market, for a short time only, a LARGE-EYED, 10-Karat, Gold-Filled spectacle, fitted with **"Perfect Vision Lenses,"** which will protect your eyes from all eye strain, eye pain and eye trouble.

I Will Send You This Pair FREE

To protect your eyes from the sun, dust and grit. I want to prove to you that these spectacles will do for you just what I say they will. I want you to put them on as soon as you get them and see how soothing they are to the eyes. Take your sewing and see how easily you will be able to thread the smallest-eyed needle, and read even the finest print. They will protect your eyes from the sun, dust and grit when plowing in the field; or go out in the shed and sharpen your saw. They will enable you to see every cut just as plain as when you were young. In fact, they will make your eyes young again.

They'll Enable You To Thread The Smallest-Eyed Needle

Or Protect Your Eyes When Plowing In The Fields

Mrs. O. E. Flinn, Cheboygan, Mich., writes:

"My glasses are simply fine. I can sew and read all day, or by lamp light without being tired. I will speak about them to all I can for the good of suffering humanity."

I want you also to be helped and made happy. I am therefore going to send you also a pair of my **"Perfect Vision"** Spectacles **FREE,** to try in your own home for fully 10 days.

Sit down right now—this very minute—and fill out the below coupon at once; let Uncle Sam deliver to you, at your own door, a pair of my Gold-filled **"Perfect Vision"** Spectacles, in a handsome Plush-lined imitation silver-tipped Pocket-book Spectacle Case, absolutely **free,** for you to try. I will even pay the postage on them, and you are to judge them for yourself without a cent of cost. Can anything be fairer? Fill in this coupon and mail it to me at once.

Or to See Off at a Distance

ST. LOUIS SPECTACLE HOUSE, Room 33 ST. LOUIS, MO.

I herewith enclose this coupon, which entitles me, by return mail, to a pair of your 10-Karat, Gold-filled **"Perfect Vision"** Spectacles, complete, also a fine leatheretie, plush-lined, imitation-silver-tipped, pocket-book spectacle case, without cost to me, so I can try them out, under your own offer, of a full ten days' actual test. This free trial is not to cost me one penny, and if I like the glasses and keep them, I am to pay you $1.50 only—no more and no less. But if, for any reason whatsoever, I don't wish to keep them (and I, myself, am to be the sole judge), I will return them to you without paying you a single cent for them, as you agreed in the above advertisement to send them on ten days' absolute free trial. With this understanding I mail you this coupon, and it is agreed that you will stick to your word and I will stick to mine. Don't fail to answer the following questions:

How old are you?.....How many years have you used glasses (if any)?.....

Name .....

Post Office.....

Rural Route.....Box No.....State.....

Her Musical Education Neglected.

Mrs. Jinface—"So you don't like 'er?"
Mrs. Bananaface—"Likes 'er! If I'd knowed music I'd 'ave wrote a hymn of 'ate about 'er long ago!"

A SWEET NAME.

"My misus is the best of wives,"
Said foolish Mr. Bunny.
"The doctor says she has the hives
And so I call her 'Honey.'"

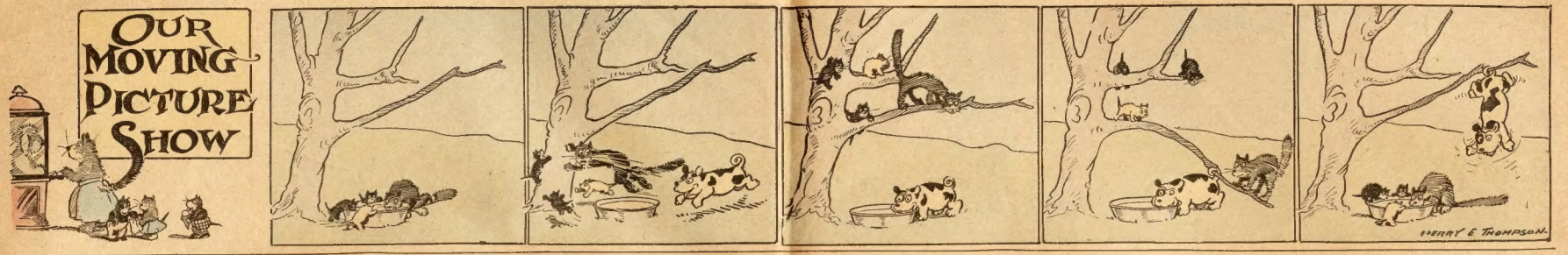
A CASE OF FELINE STRATEGY

LULLABY.

Go to sleep, my baby dear,
May no fears your slumber fret,
For no Zeppelins are near
To drop bombs upon you—yet.

More Recruits.

"My stomach's gone back on me. I can't go to banquets any more."
"Cheer up, old top. You're only 65. You can still have a lot of fun dancing."



A Precocious Pupil.

"Do animals show that they love us?" asked a teacher of her primary class.
"Yes, ma'am," chorused the class.
"Good," said the teacher; "and now tell me what animal has the greatest natural fondness for man."
A small boy promptly spoke up:
"Woman!"

Kid—"Mother's sent your bucket back. She says she's sorry she put a hole in it and will you have it mended before Friday, 'cause she wants to borrow it again."

Coming and Going.

A struggling maker of humorous quips tried to break into a leading publication.
He sent the editor one of his favorite mots.
It was returned, with this comment:
"Too original to be good."
He sent another.
This time the comment was:
"Too good to be original."

Safely Hidden.

A Scotchman and an Irishman once set out together on a holiday. The latter was a steady, frugal man, the former was careless and a spendthrift.
Conscious of his own weakness, Sandy intrusted all his money to his friend's charge, with a strict injunction not to give him back more than a stated sum for expenses each day.
After a few days Sandy thought his daily allowance inadequate for his demands and pleaded for an increase, but in vain.
Holidays over, the Scotchman informed Pat that, after the latter's refusal to comply with his wish, he got out of bed every night, when he found the Irishman asleep, and made an extensive search to find the cash, but could never succeed, and inquired of him where he kept it.
"Well," said Pat, "I allowed you to go to bed first every night, and, as we occupied the same room, I had no difficulty in putting my purse, unobserved, into one of your pockets. I was first up every morning and took possession of it again."

The Height of Laziness.

A hobo was lying on a bit of grass at a place where three roads met.
A weary cyclist stopped and asked the way to his destination. The lazy one jerked the toe of his boot in the proper direction.
"If you can do a lazier thing than that, I'll give you a quarter," said the cyclist, dismounting.
The hobo inclined his head toward his left-hand trousers pocket.
"Put it in there," he murmured, peacefully.

A Departed Jest.

"Remember the old boarding-house jokes about hash?"
"Yes. They flourished in the time when people could afford meat and potatoes on the same day."

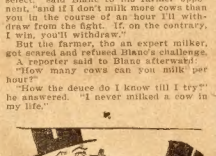
THE PROSPEROUS POET.

The poet used to seek the bank
Where cowslips grew,
But dividends were but a blank
And prospects few.

He seeks a city bank today
In festive mood,
And there the poet's check, they say,
Is always good.

An Unaccepted Challenge.

Certain statesmen who know so little about running a war remind one of Blanc.
Blanc was running for Congress against a farmer. He wouldn't let the farmer outdo him with the farm voters, however. In fact, he challenged the man to a milking contest.
"We'll go out to any dairy farm you select," said Blanc to his farmer opponent, "and if I don't milk more cows than you in the course of an hour I'll withdraw from the fight. If, on the contrary, I win, you'll withdraw."
But the farmer, the an expert milker, got scared and refused Blanc's challenge.
A reporter said to Blanc afterward:
"How many cows can you milk per hour?"
"How the deuce do I know till I try?" he answered. "I never milked a cow in my life."



First Doctor—"How are that patient's nerves?"
Second Doctor—"Fine. He can read all the headlines in the daily paper now without a tremor."

Narrow Escape.

A commercial traveler while en route thru the South relates this of a darky's purchase of cheese from the local store:
"Boss, how much is er nickel's worth of dat er cheeses?"
"Can't sell a nickel's worth, Sam. It's too high."
"All right; gi'me for a dime's worth, captain."
The storekeeper cut a thin slice, and Sambo remarked: Oh, lor! You-all purty near missed it, didn't you, captain?"

Echoes From the Kitchen.

"Mr. Wombat says he'll take apple pie for dessert instead of berries."
The waitress announced this in a loud whisper.
"In that case," directed the landlady, "give the other boarders eight strawberries apiece instead of seven."

Simplified.

"Mamma, can me and Tommy have some cake?" asked little Ruth.
"Not unless you ask grammatically," replied her mother.
"Well, then," said she, "may I have a piece of cake?"

Their Family Tree.

Last summer a young London clerk, who held rather fanciful views as to his origin, spent his holidays at a Wiltshire farmhouse, the principal attraction being the golf links near by.
He greatly annoyed the other boarders by his constant references to what he called his "pedigree" and "family tree." At last the farmer could stand it no longer.
"Young man," he said, "I must say you've done a heap o' talking about yer family tree. Anybody would think you owned a whole timber yard. Come out into the lane a minute."
The youth accompanied him.
Pausing by a weeping willow, the farmer said:
"I want you to take particular notice of this."
"What for?"
"That's our family tree. That's what has heightened our ideals and stimulated our energies. That has furnished the switches for five generations of us."

Enough said.

"Why do you consider women superior to men in intelligence?"
"A bald-headed man buys his restorer by the bottle, doesn't he?"
"Er—yes."
"Well, a woman doesn't waste time on a hair restorer—she buys hair."

Afflicted.

Belle—"Has his wife a saving disposition?"
Bess—"I judge so—he can't imagine where all his money goes to."

How Will You Have 'Em?

"Waiter, bring me two fried eggs, some ham, a cup of coffee and a roll," said the first commercial.
"Bring me the same," said his friend, "but eliminate the eggs."
"Yessir."
In a moment the waiter came back, leaned confidentially and penitently over the table, and whispered:
"We 'ad a bad accident just before we opened this mornin', sir, and the 'andle of the liminator got busted off. Will you take yer eggs fried, same as this 'ere gentleman?"

Getting Started.

"How did you get your start in politics?"
"I wanted to reform everything that came my way," replied Senator Sorghum. "And I attracted the attention of a practical politician who just then happened to need an industrious young reformer in his business."

"BEN BOLT"—The Kind That You Were Yourself.

Don't you remember the cave, Ben Bolt?
The cave, where, as pirates, we played?
And the eggs (over-ripe) that we managed to swipe—
But the feast we had planned was delayed.

THE WOODPILE.

He had to saw and split the logs
In the back yard.
He nearly ruined all his togs
He worked so hard

He couldn't get the woodpile down,
Unlucky pup.
Altho he labored with a frown
It would pile up.

The Deferred Inquest.

The "special" entered the bar of the local house of refreshment at about 9 o'clock, and informed the landlord that it would probably be necessary to use his premises for the holding of an inquest.
Thinking that it would interfere with trade, the landlord thought out a means of transferring the obligation to a rival house.
He took the special round to his private room and proffered suitable refreshment, pointing out the inconvenience to which he would be put if the inquiry was held on his establishment.
The guest further accepted two choice cigars, and was then of the opinion that the inquest could be held elsewhere.
"Thanks!" said the landlord. "But, by the by, who is it to be held on?"
"Nobody, as I know of, now, but it would have been me if I hadn't got those drinks. Good night!"

Mrs. Rooney (1 a. m.)—"Wake up! Casey's fighting wid his wife."
Mr. Rooney—"Ah, lave me sleep; I'll pray for Casey in the morning."

Four Classes of Statesmen.

Those who write to explain what they say.
Those who speak to explain what they write.
Those who write to explain what they write.
Those who speak to explain what they say.

Some Help.

"She's a vain girl. There is no mirror handy, so now she is looking at the barometer."
"How will the barometer cater to her vanity?"
"It says, 'Fair.'"

Lowbrow.

"John," said Mrs. Crosslots, "the cook says she's going to leave."
"What's the trouble?"
"She says she's used to working for cultivated people and she can't stand our line of phonograph records."

Where to Find It.

"Have you any anthracite coal today?"
"The jewelry department is on the fourth floor."

Took Him for a Beggar.

Frank Thomas, who played the crook in "The House of Glass," doesn't look like a beggar, at least, not as they usually look in New York. But one day in Newark, when the company was playing in Manhattan, he encountered a situation that made him wonder about himself.
With barely enough time to catch a tube train for a matinee, Thomas was about to enter the Park place terminal when he saw a passing workman drop the cover of his dinner pail. A second laborer followed a few feet behind, but didn't see the lid. Thomas picked it up, then suddenly realized that he wouldn't have time to follow the owner.
So he hurried after the second workman and held out the cover, asking him to give it to the other workman. But evidently the second laborer didn't understand English. He surveyed Thomas briefly, reached into his pocket, dropped a nickel into the tin, which Thomas still held, then hurried on.
The actor had to catch his train, so he still has the nickel.

The Three Tramps.

A young couple from the corn country near Ottawa, Ill., witnessed the film production of "The Birth of a Nation" recently while on their honeymoon. The bride was much impressed by the music.
Next day she entered a music store.
"I want to get that song, 'The Three Tramps,'" she said.
The salesman looked thru the racks, then searched the publishers' lists, but failed to find the song.
"Is it a new publication?" he asked the customer.
"No, it's old."
"Can you hum it?"
"Yes, it goes like this: 'Tramp, tramp, tramp, the boys are marching——'"

Good Hunting.

A young Swede appeared at the county judge's office and asked for a license.
"What kind of a license?" asked the judge. "A hunting license?"
"No," was the answer. "Aye tank Aye bane hunting long enough. Aye want marriage license."

Why He Worries.

"There's one thing about this prohibition in Crimson Gulch that I'm a little afraid of," said Bronco Bob.
"Why, you all look better."
"Yes. But it's liable to result in great loss of life. It has steadied our nerves so that everybody shoots with unerring accuracy."

Hotel Clerk (to guest)—"We have had to hire a special clerk to handle your mail! Did you advertise for a wife or a second hand automobile?"

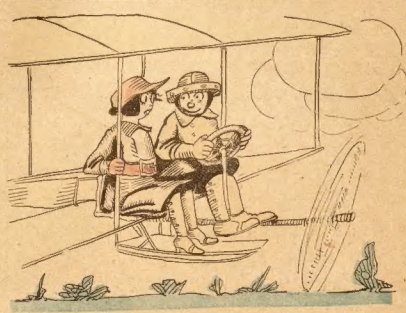
Retort Courteous.

Mrs. Wilson wanted to get Mrs. Johnson's cook away from her so badly that she actually went to Mrs. Johnson's house when she was away and offered the cook more money. The next time they met at a big dinner Mrs. Johnson did not notice her.
"Mrs. Johnson, you know Mrs. Wilson, do you not?" said the lady who sat between them.
"No. I believe not," said Mrs. Johnson, "but I understand that she calls on my cook."

Expensive Body.

Redd—"He had to buy his wife a new limousine."
Greene—"Poor body."
"No, it cost him $3,500."

Bill Sparrow—"It's certainly funny to see how darkies do like watermelon."



Aviator (to passenger)—"Now, if the tank explodes, stay in the plane! Don't jump out!"

Spurred by Necessity

By Wilder Anthony

"SMOKE" JONES, premier pitcher of the Fairmont Bearcats, glared at the little man opposite him for thirty silent, ominous seconds; then he stood up as suddenly as tho an unseen finger had pressed a button and released a spring somewhere inside his big body. Two long steps carried him to the door, which he flung open with his left hand, while with his right he pointed into the hall.

"On your way!" he hissed. "You low-lived, yellow-livered, sawed-off little runt! If you was more than half my own size I'd take you apart right here and now just to see what kind of works they put inside of an insect like you. For two-bits I'd hand you a whalin' you'd remember for twenty years. Do you hear, you crooked little shrimp? Get out of here before I dust the room with you!"

Mr. William Martin, shyster attorney, was already obeying orders. At the big twirler's first movement, he had slipped out of the chair and begun to sidle toward the door. His ratty little eyes were glued to the other man's face in a species of fearful fascination, and his lips twitched nervously as he edged along the wall. At the pitcher's last words he wheeled quickly and shot thru the door like a rabbit into a hole.

Jones turned back into the room and threw himself into a chair with a disgusted snort. Taking tobacco and papers from his pocket, he mechanically rolled a cigarette.

"The crooked little whelp," he muttered savagely. "Askin' me to 'throw' the game. Of all the doggoned nerve I ever met up with, he's got it." He struck a match on the chair arm and lighted his cigarette.

Under the soothing influence of the weed he calmed somewhat, and the humorous side of the thing struck him.

"I sure scared him some," he grinned, between puffs. "The little tadpole! He'll shiver for a month. Five thousand bucks! Gee! that's a wad of money. Sim Nevins must know how bad I need coin right now, and he must have bet a roll to bait his hook that big; but he can worry. I don't cross my friends; no sir! Not for any outfit like that Nevins bunch."

He threw away the cigarette stub, stood up again, and went to the window to gaze down into the street. He was still angry, angrier than he had been before in years, and as he stood there he scowled darkly. The big game was only two days off, and the Bearcats were resting up in preparation for the fray. They had had a long hard season and now at its end they were tied for first place in the league with the Rushville Lions. The coming game would determine the pennant winner, and settle the question of bitter rivalry which the two teams had nursed thru the entire season.

As he looked out of the hotel window, Jones could see a dozen little groups of excited men, standing on corners and in doorways, talking and gesticulating. All Rushville was baseball mad, and the watcher knew the name Jones on every tongue. Fans were arguing as to which was the better pitcher, Jones or Fred Murray of the Lions. Money was being bet freely to back the various opinions, and the populations of at least two cities were neglecting business and personal affairs in a frenzied effort to "dope" the relative merits of the two teams.

All summer they had traveled neck and neck. If the Lions were the better batters, it was equally certain that the Bearcats excelled on the bases and were fully as strong in the box. In fielding both teams were well-nigh perfect, and both were confident of the outcome. Such slight advantage as there was lay with the Lions; they had won the toss, and the deciding game was to be played on their own diamond. It was for this reason, perhaps, that Sim Nevins and his crew of gamblers had wagered so heavily on the Lions' winning; but it was a small margin at best, and with characteristic shrewdness Nevins had tried to make sure thing of it

Billy Martin as his go-between the pitcher had attempted to bribe Jones, admittedly the Bearcat's best pitcher, and the man upon whom Manager Crawford would undoubtedly depend in the crisis. Jones was always at his best under pressure; the more important the game the better he pitched, and this year had made a phenomenal record. In eight consecutive games he had not been scored on; and the Fairmont fans were certain that he would make the slugging Lions "eat out of his glove," as they termed it

Owing to a persistent airing in the newspapers, it was a well-known fact that Smoke Jones had some very real family troubles. He was the sole support of his widowed mother and two young sisters, and for a month his mother had been dying. Doctors' bills and the like had eaten up the pitchers' moderate salary—for in the Tri-State League they did not present their players with automobiles—until he was practically bankrupt. Furthermore, he had planned all summer long to get married at the close of the playing season. All things considered, Nevins had chosen a most propitious moment for his bribery; that five thousand dollars had looked as big as a whole bank to Jones; and his refusal of it showed a strength of character as amazing as it was unusual.

Jones was aroused from his brooding by the entrance of a stout, brisk little man, with a marvelously keen eye and a pugnacious jaw.

"How's the wing, Smoke?" he inquired, just as if he hadn't asked the same question a dozen times in the past twenty-four hours.

"Fine as a frog hair, Syd," was the reassuring reply. "I never felt better. I was just wishin' that the game was tomorrow instead of day after."

Sydney Crawford eyed his big pitcher critically. In his day the manager had been a ball player of considerable note, and he knew the mental strain of waiting for a big game.

"You better get out and move around a bit," old man," he advised. "It'll do you good. We'll go out to the grounds and limber up some this afternoon; but in the meantime take a walk and mix with the bunch. I know how you feel." He laid his hand on the other's shoulder sympathetically. "It's hell to be tied down here with your mother sick and all that; but we're depending on you, Smoke. Besides, I've got good news for you."

"You have! What—you haven't heard?" Jones looked at him eagerly.

"No, not that," the manager shook his head, "I wish it was. But I'm going to let you run down home tonight if you like, Smoke. I've been thinking things over, and it strikes me that the trip may do you as much good as trying to rest here. You can take the night mail after practice this afternoon, and you'll have time to spend a few hours with the folks and come back tomorrow night. How do you like that, eh?"

Jones' only reply was to catch the other's hand in a crushing grip. For a moment he was too moved for speech. "It's mighty white of you, Syd," he said, finally. "I was wishin' I could do that. I'm fit physically; it's the—— worry that gets me. Honest, I don't know what I'm going to do."

"I understand, old man." Crawford returned the hand pressure and looked out of the window, "but quit the worry stuff. This ain't a millionaire league, but I've got some influence with our owners, and I'll try for a bonus for you. You've sure earned it, and I hope you'll see the end of your troubles mighty quick."

"So do I," the pitcher agreed. For a moment he was tempted to tell Crawford of the effort to bribe him; but he decided not to. Big-hearted as he was, the little manager was impetuous and quick-tempered; he might try to make trouble for Nevins and stir up a row. On the whole, Jones thought it would be better to wait until after the game.

About three o'clock the next afternoon the big twirler rang the doorbell of his mother's little cottage.

"How is she, Madge?" he asked eagerly, without paying any heed to his sister's surprise at his unexpected appearance

"Pretty low, Sam," the girl answered. "The Doctor's here now; you can talk to him."

Half an hour later, after a few cheering words to the thin, wan sufferer who smiled up at him so tenderly from her pillow, Jones drew the physician into a vacant room.

"What is the verdict, Doc?" he asked grimly, when they were alone.

Doctor Billings cleared his throat. He was a bluff, good-natured man, and he hated to state his honest opinion, altho he knew that the present was no time for evasion.

"Your mother is a very sick woman, Sam," he began. "She has a chance, but a slim one. I'm not certain yet, but I think that an immediate operation will be necessary to save her. A consultation is advisable, and with your permission I shall call in the best authority I know of tomorrow morning. By that time I think we can tell you just what the trouble is."

"I must leave again tonight, Doc," was Jones' rejoinder. "You do what you think best. I'll be home for good in a couple of days; but don't wait for me if delay is dangerous. I'll—I'll fix things somehow."

Doctor Billings nodded. "Your mother is an old patient and an old friend of mine," he remarked. "You may rely on me to do what I can."

Jones rode back to Rushville in the smoker. He could not afford the extra fare of a sleeping car, and he felt that he could not sleep, anyhow. All night long he sat hunched in a corner of his seat, staring at nothing and thinking hard. By morning he had definitely arrived at one conclusion. Whatever happened to him, if the doctors thought it best, his mother should be operated upon. Just where the money was coming from he did not know; but he would get it somehow. There was always——

With a muttered imprecation, he straightened up and looked at his watch. In four hours he would be in Rushville, and he knew that in that four hours he must get some sleep in preparation for the afternoon's ordeal. Syd Crawford had trusted him on the very eve of the game, and he felt that he must repay that trust by being in as good condition as he could. He was composing himself for a nap, when the door opened and a man stepped into the car

He was a big man, fat and flashily dressed, and he was smoking a thick black cigar that looked costly. With a breezy nod to a brakeman, who sat near the door, he came ponderously along the aisle. He was almost abreast of Jones; in another second he would have been by him, when he stopped suddenly and held out a pudgy hand

"Why, hello, Smoke!" he wheezed genially. "What you doin' here?"

Jones ignored the hand and growled an inaudible reply, which might have meant anything. He had always disliked Sim Nevins; but just now he hated him with an intensity which amounted almost to the wish to do murder. It seemed as if the big gambler had been sent by the devil to tempt him just when he was in his weakest and most susceptible mood.

Not in the least daunted by his reception, Nevins deliberately seated himself beside the pitcher

"On my way over to see the game," he announced. "I didn't expect to see you here; I thought you were in Rushville."

Jones said nothing. He merely stared woodenly out of the window.

"Say, listen," Nevins observed imperturbably, "that you were goin' to pitch today, and I'm glad I met you." He looked around, saw that no person was within earshot, and continued in a lower voice. "Man to man, Smoke, just between the two of us, why don't you accept my proposition?"

The pitcher turned on the narrow seat and faced him. "You don't know it, Nevins," he rasped, in a low, vibrant tone, "but you're comin' awful close to trouble. This is a public car, and I've got reasons of my own for not wantin' to mix with you, but I'd advise you to beat it—quick! I told your lapdog Martin the other day why I wouldn't take your dirty money. Because it's crooked; that's why."

"That's a hard term, Smoke," the gambler retorted, making no motion to leave, and with an easy smile, "a mighty hard term. Everything goes in business these days; a man has got to be a 'live one' to make good; and this is a business proposition. I want to buy what you've got to sell. Why not? You're too fast for this league anyhow, win or lose today—you'll be in big company next year. You ought to be there right now; you ain't gettin' money enough for the brand of pitching you serve up."

"Maybe not; but I don't cross my friends to take up with a crook like you."

Nevins ignored the insult. "It's no question of crossin' your friends," he said. "One little error, a wild pitch with men on the cushions maybe, or somethin' like that. Where's the harm, Smoke?" Others are doin' it every day."

"That's a lie, and you know it!" Jones flashed back hotly. "Organized baseball is the cleanest game on earth; it's got to be. It's only the dirty crooks like you, Nevins, that hang around on the outside, that hurt the sport. I won't take your money! That's final, d'you hear? I need it, God knows! But I won't take it. Now, will you get out of here so I can rest?"

Nevins rose slowly and heavily to his feet. In his profession rebuffs were numerous; he smiled easily as he turned into the aisle. "Have it your own way," he rejoined. "If you must be squeamish, you're the loser, Smoke. But if you should happen to change your tune; any time, mind; it won't be too late. There'll be nine full innings in this game, and my offer is good until they're played. I've got considerable money on the Lions—they've got to win."

It was a noisy, jubilant crowd which greeted Jones as he entered the hotel. He was hailed joyously from a dozen different directions; but his returns were barely civil. Pushing his way thru the mob, he went straight to his room; there were two hours before it would be time to go to the field and he wanted to be alone. He had barely shut the door, however, when Syd Crawford opened it.

"Well," he asked, "how is she?"

"Bad." Jones answered succinctly. "It's an even break either way, Syd, with the odds on the wrong side unless we have some big surgeon perform an operation."

Crawford nodded understandingly, and changed the subject abruptly. "You'd better take a cold shower," he directed, "and get a bite to eat. We'll be on our way pretty quick, and it'll be all over before you know it."

It was an enthusiastic and vociferous crowd which filled the park to overflowing that afternoon. Every man there was firmly convinced that this would be the greatest ball game in Rushville's history. Altho playing in hostile territory, the Bearcats had many stanch supporters on hand, who had made the trip to Rushville to root for their team; and they were as confident as men could be.

When the umpire announced the batteries: Murray and Scanlon for the Lions—Jones and Hudson for the Bearcats, there was a wild yell from the crowd. With the two star pitchers facing each other the game promised to be one that would make conversation for months to come.

The Lions were first in the field, and from the very beginning it was evident that Fred Murray was in even better form than usual. His "spitter" was working like a charm, and the first three men who faced him went down in order. Two of them hit popflies to the infield, while "Bunny" Sawyer, center fielder of the Bearcats and a terror to most pitchers, struck out. As the Bearcats took their positions in the field, the Rushville fans, excited to frenzy, were fairly rooting their heads off.

In his usual slow deliberate manner, Jones walked to the center of the diamond. He was chewing gum, and while his team mates took their various places he knelt and gave the new ball a vigorous rubbing in the short grass; then he stood up and threw it to the first baseman. Outwardly he was calm as a June morning, entirely oblivious of the jests and words of doubtful advice which were flung at him from the bleachers; inwardly he was a chaos; as a safety-valve on his feelings he put so much "smoke" into his throws to first that Billy Waters, the guardian thereof, grumbled mightily.

"What you tryin' to do?" he growled. "Cripple me? Save your speed for the batters, Smoke; I don't want any of it."

At the umpire's "Play ball," Jones stepped into the box and hitched up his belt in the old familiar way which made the Fairmont rooters grin. They knew that hitch; it was the invariable prelude to real business. Nestling the ball deep in his glove, he held it in front of his mouth, Jones eyed "Shorty" Hudson, a squatting gargoyle in his protective armor, as he crouched behind Pete Mercer, the slugging third baseman of the Lions. For an instant of tense silence the big pitcher stood poised, then his body suddenly contorted itself into a weird knot and as suddenly straightened

OUR NEW AUTO CONTEST

This picture shows one of our friends driving an automobile like the one we are going to give away. In the scenery and around the automobile are six partly hidden faces which it will be lots of fun for you to find. Can you find them? Try it. If you do, we will give you a beautiful

FREE SURPRISE PRESENT FOR SOLVING PUZZLE

When you have found four of the faces, mark each with a cross (X), cut out the advertisement and mail it to us, and inclose four cents in stamps for packing, postage, mailing, etc., of the beautiful free surprise present which we will send you. You will delight in owning this present.

AUTOMOBILE GIVEN AWAY We will also make you a present of a Certificate of Entry for 2,000 free auto votes, and tell you all about this splendid touring car which we are going to give away free.

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YOU CAN'T LOSE in this greatest and most liberal contest ever offered.

Write your name and address plainly, and inclose four cents in stamps for packing, mailing, etc., and the free surprise present.

AUTO CONTEST DEPT. A, W. D. BOYCE CO., 500 NORTH DEARBORN ST., CHICAGO, ILL.

out again. Somewhere from the tangle the ball shot forth like a rifle bullet, and there was a thud in Hudson's mitt.

"Ball one!" barked the umpire.

Thru the bars of his mask, the catcher flashed a withering glance upon the official. The ball had been a clean strike according to his judgment, but the game was young yet and he said nothing. Once more Jones wound himself into a maze of knots and pitched. It was a pretty ball, straight as a die it cut the heart of the plate. Putting all there was of him between his heels and his neck into the swing, Mercer struck at it; but to his surprise nothing happened. The ball floated gently into Hudson's waiting hands.

"Strike!" bawled the umpire; and Jones grinned to himself

For four full innings nothing exciting happened. Neither team could get a man on base; the game was a pitchers' duel with the honors about even, and the big crowd settled itself for a long struggle. Murray and Jones were both going like well-oiled machines; speed, curves, control; each pitcher had everything, and both teams were fielding in really brilliant style; it was merely a question of which would tire the sooner, or of a slight break in the luck of either side. Even the most rabid fans were quiet now, save for the shrill cries of peanut and mineral water vendors there was little to be heard when the fifth inning opened.

Shorty Hudson was the first man up. Always a hard man to pitch to, due, as his team mates put it, to his being "built like a flat car," he drew the first base on balls of the game, and the Fairmont rooters suddenly woke up. It takes very little to change the appearance of things in a closely contested ball game, and almost before Hudson had reached the initial corner every one was calling for a run.

Jones came to the plate calmly. He was ordinarily a weak batter; last time up he had struck out, and the crowd groaned to itself, altho it cheered him lustily for his splendid pitching. Accidents will happen, however, and it was by accident as much as anything that the big pitcher on the second ball served to him laid down a pretty bunt along the third base line. Mercer fielded it beautifully and Jones was out by yards; but the sacrifice was successful and Hudson was resting on second, when "Buck" Bryant, the hardest hitter and fastest base runner of the Bearcats, stepped jauntily to the plate.

"Put one in the groove, Fred," he called out, with a grin. "I'm waitin' for it."

Murray, cool as ice, smiled tauntingly and delivered a fast drop, which Bryant, being possessed of good eyes, let go by

"Strike!" snapped the umpire.

"What?" Bryant turned belligerently. "It was a foot too low. Where's your eyes, man? If you can't see better'n that, you oughter go to night school."

"That's all from you," the official retorted courteously. "Any more lip an' the bench for yours. Understand?"

Buck evidently did, for without making an audible reply, he set himself and faced the pitcher again. Perhaps anger blinded him, for instead of delivering the timely hit which the fans so ardently wished, he was an easy out on a grass-cutter to shortstop

Two balls and one strike had been called on the next batter, when he landed squarely on the nose of a high inshoot, and when the excitement waned he was perched on second and Shorty Hudson was dusting himself on the way to the bench. It was a clean two-bagger and the first real hit of the game.

By this time Smoke Jones had almost forgotten his private affairs. Held fast in the grip of the game he loved, he was determined to pitch as he had never pitched before. He meant to hold the one run lead his team mates had given him if it was in him. Cool and crafty, deliberate and lightning-quick by turns, he was using both his head and his arms to hold the Lions in check. For the time being, altho the thought of it like a dull pain was ever present in the back of his head, he was letting the future take care of itself.

At the opening of the last half of the seventh inning, with the score still one to zero in favor of the Bearcats, things began to happen. To begin with, Mercer laid down a pretty bunt along the first base line and managed to beat the ball to the bag. Then Jones uncorked a wild pitch, something he had not done before in a dozen games. When the dust cleared away the fleet-footed Mercer was safe on third and there was no one out. Amid jeers and catcalls from the Rushville fans and prayers from his own contingent, the big pitcher slowly prepared to face the crisis

That it was a crisis he knew better than any man on the field. Something had gone suddenly wrong with his arm, and for several minutes he had been pitching on his nerve alone. His control was rapidly leaving him; but he squared his jaws grimly. A mist was before his eyes, a mist out of which peered the leering face of Sim Nevins and at times when he delivered a ball he seemed to see, not Shorty Hudson waiting to receive it, but a grinning death's head behind the bars of a mask.

Comfortably seated in the grandstand with several of his friends, Sim Nevins gave vent to a satisfied grin as he shewed on his cigar. For a while he had been a good deal worried, but he felt better now. Jones was going to act reasonable, after all; that wild pitch was proof conclusive. Leaning a little sideways, the gambler whispered to one of his companions; then he resumed his contemplation of the game.

By using all the cunning and nerve he had, Jones succeeded in getting two strikes on the batter. The big pitcher's speed was blinding; but each time he pitched he stifled a groan. Something seemed to have snapped in his shoulder, the mere motion of throwing was unspeakable agony; but he kept doggedly on. Suddenly the thing for which all Rushville was praying happened. There was a sharp crack and the ball sailed far out into left field. Bryant caught it; but Mercer easily scored on the throw in, and once more the teams were even.

The next batter went out on another long fly; then came Jimmie Scanlon, the Lions' catcher and a vicious hitter. Landing on the second ball pitched, he sent it straight at Jones. The pitcher stopped it, dropped it, fiddled with it for a second; then shot it toward first. His throw was six feet wide, and before the ball could be retrieved another run came hom The next batter was put out.

When Jones came to the bench Crawford looked at him dubiously. He was half minded to put in another pitcher; in fact, he would undoubtedly have done so had he not felt that Jones was still a better man than any other he could muster. As it stood, he was undecided

"That was tough luck, Smoke," was

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Here is your chance to get the greatest bargains ever offered readers of this paper. Without one cent in advance and without any restrictions whatever, we will send any of these splendid values shown here. And you can pay for them in small easy monthly payments. Every item is guaranteed and if goods do not come up to expectations, return them at our expense and you will not be out a penny. If you decide that you have a wonderful bargain, make the first small payment on arrival and balance in monthly payments as quoted.

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Here, at last, is the perfect all-around shoe. Made of best, toughest, greatest wear-resisting leather money can buy. Special tanning process makes it proof against acids in milk, manure, soil, gasoline, etc. Solid leather double soles and heels; dirt and water-proof tongue. Will positively outwear from 3 to 4 pairs of ordinary shoes. Send coupon today—no money. When they arrive, if you are convinced that they are all we claim, keep them and pay only

Only $1.25

Then pay balance ($3.60) in three monthly payments of only $1.20 each until our special bargain price of only $4.85 is paid in full. Otherwise return at our expense. Order by No. 613.

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Without any money in advance please send me articles marked below. I will make first payment on arrival and balance of special advertised price in monthly payments as indicated in this advertisement. If I decide not to keep the goods, I will return to you, at your expense.

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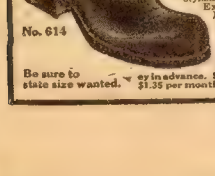

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Nobby Black Calf Button Shoe, very stylish shape. Has genuine Oak Extension Soles, Military Heel, Perforated Tip. Natural foot-shaped—a good fitter and a great bargain at our low price. Sizes 6 to 12. Wide Width. Order by No. 614. Price $3.95. Terms: No money in advance. $1.25 on arrival. Balance $1.35 per month.

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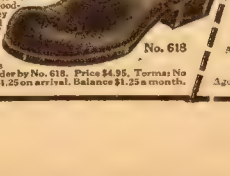
Exceptionally fine style and good wearing quality shoe. Of Gun Metal Calf, on Good-year Welt, New Copley Last—Cadet Heeland Medium Sole. One of the most comfortable Button Oxford Styles made. A Great Bargain. Sizes 6 to 11. E Width. Order by No. 618. Price $4.95. Terms: No money in advance. $1.25 on arrival. Balance $1.25 a month.



No. 618

all he said, for it was never his way to blame a man for a thing he couldn't help.

Jones nodded abstractedly and walked over to the water bucket. He was stooping for a drink, when a boy stepped from beneath the grandstand and handed him an envelope. A little surprised, the pitcher tore it open. Inside was a slip of yellow paper, which he stared at like a man in a trance.

It was a check for five thousand dollars, signed by Sim Nevins, and with the word "Thanks" written in one corner. For several seconds Jones stared at it—the boy had disappeared the moment he tendered the envelope—then he stuffed the check into his pocket and sat down. His face was wooden; nothing showed there; but his mind was a turmoil. Nevins, thinking he had deliberately allowed the Lions to score, had sent the check to clinch matters, so much the pitcher guessed instantly. It was not the truth, but since the luck of the game seemed to be against the Bearcats, why shouldn't he profit by letting Nevins retain his belief? No one else would ever know. He could easily explain the note by saying it was a message from his sister. The whole thing looked so simple that Jones was in an ecstasy of relief one minute and a black cloud of rage the next. Rage because they dared think he was crooked enough to do their dirty work.

So absorbed was he in his own thoughts that he never noticed the way his companions were nudging each other and eying him. They all knew that he was not himself; but most of them attributed his condition to remorse over his bad work in the previous inning. Syd Crawford, knowing more than the others, decided that the pitcher was brooding over bad news from his mother; none of them ever guessed at the truth.

Like a man in a stupor, Jones walked out to the box. The score still stood at two to one in favor of the Lions, but he was not thinking of scores at that moment. He was so preoccupied, in fact, that he totally ignored Hudson's signal and pitched a wide outcurve instead of the spitter which had been ordered, and the man at the bat, who liked a wide curve better than anything he knew of, promptly laced out a two-bagger.

At the crack of the bat, something seemed to give way in Jones' brain. Dimly he sensed that the crowd was yelling, and out of the corner of his eye he noted that Crawford was hurrying his relief pitchers out for a warm up; but neither interested him. All at once every faculty in his body had become centered on the task before him. Black, cold rage had crowded out torpor and indecision. He would show them all. Once more he was Smoke Jones, the best pitcher in his league.

Ignoring his weakened arm, he pitched as he had never pitched before. His speed was terrific. Faster than light and true as bullets, he shot an assortment of curves and hooks across the corners of the plate. One, two, three, the next batters who faced him went down in order; two of them on infield hits, the last by a strike out. Crawford, watching from the bench, chuckled his delight.

"By Gad!" he exclaimed, "Smoke's found himself again. We'll beat 'em yet." The manager was right. Jones had found himself, and so had the team behind him. Playing as one man, they began an onslaught in the ninth, which brought the fans to their feet in a yelling frenzy. With the bases full, Smoke Jones, already the idol of Fairmont, hit the first ball pitched to him over the right field fence; and when the game ended the score stood five to two in favor of the Bearcats.

Pushing thru the boisterous, excited crowd, which tried to pick him up and carry him, Jones ran off the field and into the dressing-room. He was already tearing off his uniform, when a messenger appeared with a telegram. With a choking sensation around his heart, the pitcher opened it.

"Doctor wrong," he read. "Operation unnecessary. Mother better.

"MADGE."

For a long minute, in a kind of happy daze, Jones gazed at the message; then he felt in the pocket of his discarded uniform. He found Sim Nevins' crumpled check, looked at it thoughtfully, then tore it into small pieces which he scattered out the window.

When his team mates trooped into the room five minutes later, he was lacing his shoes and whistling cheerfully.

* * *

FRETFUL.

He called for a city beautiful;
He shouted it day by day;
He wanted a city where noise was not,
Where the spirit of art should sway;
He wanted a city that should be fair,
Where filth might never be seen,
And forsoth, in spite of the zeal he had,
To keep his back yard clean.

Classified Want Ads

Classified Want Ad Information

The rate for one insertion in Chicago Ledger and one insertion in The Saturday Blade is 30 cents a word, minimum 14 words; less 3% for cash. Each initial and group of figures is counted as a word, and the name and address are also counted. This is the minimum rate; neither more nor less is charged, irrespective of size of ad or number of insertions. An ad may appear in both publications of the same week, or in the Blade of one week and the Ledger of the next.

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AGENTS: BIG HIT: OUR 5 PIECE ALUMInum Set is all the rage. Cheaper than enamel ware. Sells like wildfire. Guaranteed 20 years. Retail value $5.00. You sell to housewives for only $1.98. Biggest seller of the age. 9 sure sales out of every 10 shown. Others cleaning up $10.00 to $20.00 a day. Answer this quick to secure your territory. Div. N N. 5, American Aluminum Mfg. Co., Lemont, Ill.

$65.00 A WEEK AND YOUR SUIT FREE. You can earn this and even more if you take advantage of our special offer. Write us at once, and we will send you a full line of samples and everything necessary to start at once, absolutely free, postage prepaid. Spencer Mead Company, Dept. 1165, Chicago.

BIG MONEY CAN BE MADE SELLING the Best-Phone. A new talking machine that "speaks for itself." Previous experience unnecessary. By our new selling plan the Best-Phone sells itself. Write for particulars. Chas. W. Shonk Co., 132 Seventh street, Maywood, Ill.

AGENTS: SELL RICH-LOOKING IMPORTED 36x68 rugs, $1 each. Carter, Tenn., sold 115 in four days; profit $57. You can do same. Write for sample offer selling plan; exclusive territory; sample rug sent post prepaid $8c. Condon, Importer, Stonington, Maine.

1917'S GREATEST SENSATION, 11 PIECE toilet goods combination selling like blazes at $1.00 with $1.00 carving set free. Everybody buys. Engle's profit first week $51.00. Great crew proposition. M. Pierce Co., 906 Lake, Chicago.

RUSH POSTAL FOR FREE SAMPLE "SPIK & Span." Wonderful new washing tablet. Washes clothes spotless, without rubbing. Tremendous seller, 200% profit. Free samples to boost sales. Charles Newberry, 200 Peoria, Chicago.

WE START YOU IN BUSINESS, FURNISHing everything; men and women, $30.00 to $200.00 weekly operating our "New System Specialty Candy Factories," home anywhere. Opportunity lifetime; booklet free. Z. Ragsdale Co., East Orange, N. J.

YOUNG MAN, WOULD YOU ACCEPT A tailormade suit just for showing it to your friends? Then write Banner Tailoring Co., Dept. 595, Chicago, and get beautiful samples, styles and a wonderful offer.

AGENTS—200% PROFIT. WONDERFUL summer sellers; something new; sell like wildfire; carry right in pocket. Write at once for free sample. American Products Co., 6564 3rd St., Cincinnati, O.

AGENTS—$30 A WEEK AND EXPENSES selling window gold sign letters. Anyone can put on. Free samples. Liberal offer to general agents. Metallic Letter Co., 416 N. Clark, Chicago.

PORTRAIT AGENTS SEND FOR OUR large catalog; 16x20 frames 14c up. Portraits at 25c. Samples free. Credit given. Address Friedman Mfg. Co., Box 120, Martinsburg, Mo.

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AGENTS — I'VE A NEW SOAP GAME that's a dandy. New stuff; 100% profits. Sample and full layout free. Write quick. Lecassian Co., Dept. 21, St. Louis, Mo.

$125 WEEKLY—SOMETHING NEW; SAVES 50% of gasoline for automobiles; nearly every call a sale; money-back guarantee. Stransky Mfg. Co., Pukwana, S. D.

STEADY INCOME ASSURED TAKING orders. Ladies' silk waists. No cash required. System Manufacturing Co., 807 Altoona, Pa.

REMNANT STORE, CINCINNATI, OHIO. Greatest dry goods bargains on earth. Agents and store keepers supplied.

AGENTS—"SHAVENE" SHAVES WITHout razor. Harmless. Whirlwind seller. M. Rienzi, Cutler St., Newark, N. J.

HELP WANTED

COLLECT OR CULTIVATE WILD HERBS and roots. Have increased from $1 to $5 per pound. One ginger made $188 in two weeks. Learn to gather, market, or cultivate. Inclose 2 cent stamp for list of 900 medicinal plants, with "facts." Box 1,000, Badger Medical Plant Growers, Rhinelander, Wis.

WAR MEANS THOUSAND MEN—WOMEN, 18 or over, wanted by Government for permanent clerical positions, $100 month. Common education sufficient. Write immediately for list positions. Franklin Institute, Dept. E 30, Rochester, N. Y.

EVERY READER OF THE LEDGER OUGHT to read these ads. Every week splendid chances to make money—to better yourself—to buy, sell or exchange goods or services, are offered here.

WANT A BIGGER JOB? MORE SALARY? Let us work? Particulars free. Henry Shaw, Director, 44 Boylston St., Boston, Dept. 10.

WANTED—MEN TO BECOME CHAUFfeurs. $25 week. Sample lessons free. Franklin Institute, Dept. B209, Rochester, N. Y.

WANTED—MEN—WOMEN, $75.00 MONTH. List Government jobs open.—free. Franklin Institute, Dep't N-170, Rochester, N. Y.

$12.50 PER 100 COLLECTING NAMES and addresses. Send stamp. National Directory Works, Little Falls, Minnesota.

$35 WEEKLY COLLECTING NAMES AND addresses. Send stamp. Ursus Company, Dept. A2, Chicago Ill.

MALE HELP WANTED

GOVERNMENT EXAMINATIONS — THORough instruction, $5. Returned if not appointed. Particulars free. American Civil Service School, Washington, D. C.

$20.00 WEEKLY MADE WRITING NAMES for mail order houses. No canvassing. Particulars for stamp. The Guide Company, Memphis, Tenn.

FIREMEN, BRAKEMEN, BAGGAGEMEN, 8 hours, $140. Colored porters wanted everywhere. Experience unnecessary. 636 Ry. Bldg., East St. Louis, Ill.

BECOME DETECTIVES—BIG PAY; EASY work; free particulars. Captain Wagner, 1243 Lexington Ave., New York.

BE A DETECTIVE. EXCELLENT OPPORtunity, good pay, travel. Write C. T. Ludwig, 320 Westover Bldg., Kansas City, Mo.

FEMALE HELP WANTED

FIVE BRIGHT, CAPABLE LADIES TO travel, demonstrate and sell dealers, $25 to $50 per week. Railroad fare paid. Goodrich Drug Company, Dept. 85, Omaha, Neb.

$20 WEEKLY; STAMPING PATTERNS AT home. Send stamp. Chicago Silk Mills, Dept. M. M., Chicago.

MOVING PICTURE BUSINESS

$35.00 PROFIT NIGHTLY, SMALL CAPITAL starts you. No experience needed. Our machines are used and endorsed by Government institutions. Catalog free. Atlas Moving Picture Co., Franklin Bldg., Chicago.

$20 TO $50 NIGHTLY. COMPLETE PROfessional outfit, machine, film, everything furnished on payment plan. Catalog free. National Moving Picture Co., Dept. B, 537 So. Dearborn St., Chicago.

$50.00 PROFIT NIGHTLY. START WITH small capital. No experience needed. Guaranteed machine, Complete outfits. Write for particulars. Monarch Film Service, Dept. C, 228 Union Ave., Memphis, Tenn.

BUSINESS OPPORTUNITIES

FREE FOR SIX MONTHS — MY SPECIAL offer to introduce my magazine, "Investing for Profit," is worth $10 a copy to anyone who has not acquired sufficient money to provide necessities and comforts for self and loved ones. It shows how to become richer quickly and honestly. Investing for Profit is the only progressive financial journal and has the largest circulation in America. It shows how $100 grows to $2,200; write now and I'll send it six months free. H. L. Barber, 433, 28 W. Jackson Boulevard, Chicago.

INVESTORS MAGAZINE FREE TO YOU. A $10 invested with us has made others $200.00 in few months. "Hoffman's Investment Journal," tells how this was done. This magazine gives facts about the real earning power of money. Tells how many have started on the road to fortune. We will send it three months free. If you want to make money, write for this magazine today. Hoffman Trust Company, 677 Carter Building, Houston, Texas.

$20 BUYS DEED TO LAND, ALSO INTERest in oil well that should pay you $100 for every dollar invested; payments $2 monthly. Complete information free. Address Texas-Gulf Company, 1105 Union Bank, Houston, Texas.

LATEST WYOMING OIL MAP SENT FREE. Small investments in oil making millionaires. Address Midwest Investment Bureau, 683 Boston Block, Minneapolis, Minn.

PATENTS

PATENTS SECURED OR FEE RETURNED. Actual search and patentability report free. Send sketches and description, or model, of your invention. My patent sales service gets full value. 1917 edition ninety-page patent book free. George P. Kimmel, 260 Barrister Building, Washington, D. C.

WANTED, AN IDEA! WHO CAN THINK of some simple thing to patent? Protect your ideas, they may bring you wealth. Write for "Needed Inventions," "Patent Buyers," and "How to Get Your Patent and Your Money." Randolph & Co., Patent Attorneys, Dept. 174, Washington, D. C.

INVENT SOMETHING. YOUR IDEAS MAY bring wealth. Free book tells what to invent and how to obtain a patent through our credit system. Talbert & Parker, 4276 Talbert Bldg., Washington, D. C.

PROTECTIVE PATENTS PROCURED promptly, 104 pg. Blue Book free. Trademarks registered. Robb & Robb, 248-252 Southern Building, Washington, D. C.

SOUTHERN LAND FOR SALE

SETTLE IN THE SOUTH WHERE OPPORtunity awaits the farmer. Good land, big crops, agreeable climate, excellent schools churches and neighbors. Send name and address for beautifully illustrated magazine, "The Southern Homeseeker," that tells about the exceptional opportunities for low priced, productive land along the N. & W. Ry. Year's subscription free. Address F. H. LaBaume, Agri. Agt., N. & W. Ry., 248 Arcade Bldg., Roanoke, Va.

VARICOSE VEINS

ENGLARGED, SWOLLEN, PAINFUL OR knotty veins—anywhere—quickly relieved. I prove it before you pay. Send for a $2 bottle of Varitona—use it and pay only if satisfied. Dr. G. H. Boberts, 12 Bobertz Bldg., Detroit, Mich.

TOBACCO HABIT

TOBACCO HABIT CURED BY HARMLESS recipe. Sent free. Superba Co., F4, Baltimore, Md.

MISCELLANEOUS

FAKES, HUMBUGS EXPOSED. DETAILS free. Ad. Pub. Co., P. O. Box 496, San Francisco.

PERSONAL

TIRED OF POVERTY? IF YOU ARE tired of slaving for wages or salary while others around you are growing rich and independent, if you are tired of poverty and have the ambition that every American ought to have, the determination not to stay poor in this great land of opportunity, the determination to rise above poorly paid toil and social obscurity, write me now, today. Let me tell you of a road to wealth. No work for you to do. Plan backed by best men and women of community. Don't pass this by, it may change your whole life for the better. Your chance will never come right now, this minute. Send name and address, and get interesting illustrated book and full information, all absolutely free. Do it right now, for this opportunity won't last. Charles C. Saunders, 209 Denham Building, Denver, Colo.

SUFFERERS FROM NERVOUS, WEAK, run down conditions should take Juven Pills. They accomplish marvelous results. This medicine has more rejuvenating, vitalizing force than has ever before been offered. Sent postpaid only on receipt of this advertisement and $1, by C. I. Hood Co., proprietors Hood's Sarsaparilla, Lowell, Mass. (Z.R.)

MEN!—SEXTONIQUE NEVER FAILS TO restore strength to those troubled with nervous, weak, run-down and despondent conditions that undermine good health. Costs nothing if not cured. Write for free book. Cumberland Chemical Co., Box 175, B-W, Nashville, Tenn.

MEN ON THE DOWN GRADE, REMEMBER: we cure varicocele, stricture, chronic, nervous, blood, kidney, bladder and private diseases. Book symptom blank and advice free, sealed. Hinze Medical Institute, 22 Washington Ave. So., Minneapolis, Minn.

BEAUTIFUL, FASCINATING, ARTISTIC postcards of female beauties; famous American and foreign models; delightfully different. 3 for 10c. Thos. Keith, 500 Rush St., Chicago, Ill.

MARRY RICH, BE HAPPY AND PROSPERous. Big list of descriptions and photos of congenial people with means free. Sealed, confidential. Either sex. Standard Club, Box 607, Grayslake, Ill.

EVERY READER OF THE LEDGER OUGHT to read these ads. Every week splendid chances to make money—to better yourself—to buy, sell or exchange goods or services, are offered here.

MARRY, YOUR NAME AND ADDRESS ON a postal will bring you full particulars concerning thousands of wealthy and attractive ladies desiring early marriage. Write quick. Sincere Club, B520, Valley, Nebr.

MARRY — FREE PHOTOS, BEAUTIFUL ladies; descriptions and directory; pay when married. New Plan Co., Dept. 21, Kansas City, Mo.

MARRY—MARRIAGE DIRECTORY WITH photos and description free. Pay when married. The Exchange, Dept. 28, Kansas City, Mo.

WANTED—A WIFE; AM WORTH $150,000; lonely; will marry at once; address, "Honorable." 253a Minna St., San Francisco, Cal.

CATHOLICS WISHING TO MARRY, WANTing introductions, Booklet free. Catholic Correspondence Club, S. D., Grand Rapids, Mich.

YOUNG WIDOW, WORTH $30,000, VERY lonesome, anxious to marry again, Mrs M., Box 241, San Francisco, Cal.

MARRY RICH. HUNDREDS ANXIOUS TO marry. Descriptions and photos free. E. Unity, Grand Rapids, Mich.

GET MARRIED—BIG PAPER WITH ALL names, addresses, descriptions, photos 25c. Wren, 45, Grand Rapids, Mich.

CHRISTWOUNDMARKED ANNE CATH. Emmerich and Visions, 250 pages, bound, for 20c. Klein Co., Brandon, Minn.

GET MARRIED—BEST MATRIMONIAL PAper published. Free for stamp. Correspondent. Toledo, Ohio.

CLASSY PHOTOS LIKE MEN WANT—SET $1. 18, $2.50. Boys there great, Real Art Co., Keota, Iowa.

WANT TO MARRY RICH? IF SO, WRITE to C. A. Howell, Box 160, Chicago, Ill.

Chicago Ledger

Entered as second-class matter June 25, 1885, at the postoffice at Chicago, Illinois, under act of March 3, 1879.

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Back numbers of the Ledger promptly mailed. Always give the dates desired, plainly written, accompanied by your full address. Price 6 cents per copy.

ADVERTISING RATES.

For Display, $2.50 each Agate Line; for Classified, 30 cents a word, per insertion for circulation of the Chicago Ledger and The Saturday Blade combined. These two weeklies have an average circulation of

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READERS WEEKLY.

GENTLE JABS

If you play with the devil you lose.

Laws are only as good as people make them.

You cannot make a crow white by washing it.

Bad temper is its own punishment, but that does not appease its victims.

Women are consistent, but the majority of them refuse to work at it

Many a man has lost lots of money thru the hole in the top of his pocket.

Faint heart may sometimes win a fair lady, but it takes a stout heart to hold her.

A woman's intuition is admirable, provided it does not bark up the wrong tree.

We would get more enjoyment out of a dollar if it took as long to spend it as it does to earn it.

No, Dorothy, it isn't because many men do not know how to sew that they do not mend their ways.

An Irish philosopher says the only way to prevent what's past is to put a stop to it before it happens

Learning from other people's mistakes would be easier if we did not all feel too smart to make mistakes like other people.

A gentleman will always listen when another person is talking. If the other person is a woman he has got to listen, anyway.

LEARN THESE

Words Which Have Become Common Usage as Result of the War.

HERE are some of the words which have been brought into daily use as a result of the war, and their definitions:

Terrain—The ground, or earth.

Corps—The largest tactical unit of a large army, and consists of two or more divisions.

Division—Part of an army, and consists of 12,000 or more men, usually about 23,000 in the United States Army

Squad—Seven private soldiers and a corporal, a non-commissioned officer.

Squadron—Two or more war vessels which form a subdivision of a fleet, in cavalry a company of sixty men or more.

Barrage Fire—Drum fire, or a continuous volley aimed to fall in a certain line to cut off one part of a battlefield from another.

Enfilading Fire—Raking volleys, which are fired lengthwise of an army or trenches

Sniper—Sharpshooter.

Sapper—Soldier employed in digging trenches or underground passages.

Salient—An angle or elbow in battle line which is open on two sides to attack and usually a position of great importance.

Sector—A section of the battle line held by specified troops.

Home and Health

FASHION NOTES.

The one recipe for being thoroly at your ease at seashore, country place, or sporting affair seems to be a skirt which may be of white duck or gabardine, homespun in various exquisite plaid combinations, striped silk, linen, or silk jersey; mannish shirtwaist; sweater in one of the new bewildering varieties—polo, middy, basque, or fish tail—and a velour hat to match up with the rest of the costume

Smocks of all varieties are going to be extremely good for country wear this summer, even tho we don't belong to what some one calls the "potatriots." In the meanwhile numerous attractive blouses of all types are appearing daily. Among these may be mentioned the one of dotted Swiss. This material occurs frequently with white background and dots of color—those of cherry red being particularly fetching. Another lovely model has background of pale blue, dots of white, and panels of embroidered organdy.

NEEDLEWORK NOTES.

A real sewing chair has arms designed for reception of spools of cotton, scissors, needles and such things, which are constantly called for by the seamstress, and the box seat being larger will hold material and work partly finished.

Never knot your thread to begin your work, but take a few stitches, which you will work over later on the right side of the material. Then start off with the stitches most suited to your design. To finish your thread off, turn your work over and on the wrong side of the material take three or four stitches on what you have already done. To make the thread very secure, it is advisable to add a buttonhole stitch last

Beads continue to be of great importance in the fashion world. Women realize that they introduce a clever dash of color without adding bulk. The application of the beads is a tedious but not a difficult task. There are two ways to do the work. One is to take a stitch as each bead is strung. The other is to string the beads and couch the entire string to the material. The former method is more satisfactory, since it enables one to get the exact amount of beads needed.

FOR THE HOUSEWIFE.

Too much starch will cause linen to crack in the folds.

If you scorch white goods when ironing rub the places at once with a cloth dipped in diluted peroxide, run the iron over it and your scorch will disappear.

To keep out ants dissolve two pounds of alum in three or four quarts of water and let it stand for some time. Apply with a stiff brush, boiling hot, to every joint or crack in shelves, closets, bedsteads or floors.

Where carpets are dispensed with in favor of rugs, a floor may be enameled either in ebony or a nice rich brown shade. This makes a pleasing change to the ordinary staining and varnishing, and, moreover an enameled floor is easily washed and kept bright and new. Before painting the boards see that they are clean and smooth as possible. Coarse emery paper will help to remove rough places, and if kerosene is used in the water, the washing of the floor will be an easy job, for there is nothing like kerosene for getting out the dirt quickly.

RECIPES.

CANNING ASPARAGUS — Asparagus can be canned only when it is young and tender. The sooner the product is canned after picking the better. After careful washing and sorting, the tops may be canned for vegetable and salad use. The ends may be canned for soup. Blanch it in boiling water three to five minutes. Plunge it in cold water. After having packed it into jars, pour boiling water over it. Add one teaspoon of salt to each quart. Partially seal Cook in hot water one hour. Count the time from the point when the water begins to boil. If a steam pressure cooker of five pounds' pressure is used, forty minutes will be sufficient time after the pressure begins to register.

CHEESE POTATOES—Wash and wipe some good-sized potatoes and bake in a moderate oven until quite cooked. Take them out and when sufficiently cool cut off the top of one end. Carefully scoop out the mealy part with a spoon and place in a basin with some butter and grated cheese. Mix all together smoothly, season to taste and then pack the mixture back into the potato skins. Put back in oven to reheat

SAGO OR TAPIOCA JELLY — Four ounces of sago or tapioca, two pints of cold water, the rind of an orange or lemon cut very thin, the juice of two lemons or four oranges and one and a half ounces of sugar. Wash the tapioca and soak in one pint of the water over night. Put into a pan with the other pint of water and the orange or lemon rind, bring to a boil; simmer till the tapioca looks clear; remove the fruit rind and add the orange or lemon juice and sugar and a spoonful of brandy or Marsala, if liked. Pour into a wetted mold and turn out when cold. Serve with custard or cream. The above is nice made with the juice of any fruit in season.

HEALTH NOTES.

Many forms of household work are excellent in stimulating the liver, especially in the stooping and stretching movements.

Where the blood seems too thick and there is a desire to reduce the flesh, lemon juice should be taken twice daily. Many of nature's tonics are found in greens, as dandelion and spinach, both of which are invaluable.

You can either reduce superfluous flesh or increase your muscles by swimming. It depends on the strokes you take. The slow side or breast stroke, or in fact, any slow strokes, will not reduce but may increase the weight. Your teacher should give you the proper stroke and time. Rapid strokes, and especially what they call the crawl, will reduce fat and will give well-rounded muscles. You should learn to swim in fresh water. The water should not be cold enough to make the muscles contract. It is important to be able to relax the muscles when swimming. When you once master the rhythm of motion then you can soon learn to swim in salt water. If the water is very cold, rub the limbs with olive oil before entering.

WHAT COLOR SUITS YOU?

Don't be led into the dismal mistake of thinking that your "favorite" color must, of necessity, become you. By some perversity of fate quite the reverse is often the case.

What's your best color? Well, pull your dressing glass into a north light (the most cruelly truth-telling light of all) and try first one and then another shade until you are really sure. Here are a few general hints that may help you to select the colors to be tried:

White suits almost any one—unless she has a yellow skin. Ivory white is the best and most becoming shade. Tans and browns go with brown eyes and russet locks. Turquoise blue imparts its color to light gray eyes.

Dark crimson, maroon and claret color all demand color in the wearer, while dark green brings out any pink tint in the cheeks. Pearl gray makes a good skin look fairer and dark blue should not be worn by the pale or sallow-complexioned lassie.

It's Yours FREE

THIS SUIT made to your own individual measure, from the finest cloth and high grade linings. It won't cost one cent. We simply ask you to show it to your friends and recommend our clothes.

No Extra Charges of any kind—All the latest fancy styles, extreme peg tops, fancy golf bottoms, fancy sleeve cuffs, fancy belt loops, pearl buttons—

Everything Free!

Earn $40 to $60 a Week

in your spare time. It's the easiest thing in the world. Write at once and get this new big offer. Even if you are an agent for another tailoring house, be sure and write for this new and most liberal offer ever made.

Don't Wait! Don't Delay!

Drop us a line at once. We prepay everything. **Washington Tailoring Co. Dept. 105, Chicago**

YOUR HEART

Does it **Flutter, Palpitate or Skip Beats?** Have you **Shortness of Breath, Tenderness, Numbness, or Pain in left side, Dizziness, Fainting Spells, Spots before eyes, Sudden Starting in sleep, Nervousness, Hungry or Weak Spells, Oppressed Feeling in chest, Choking Sensation in throat, Painful to lie on left side, Sinking or Smothering Sensation, Difficult Breathing, Heart Dropsy or Swelling of feet or ankles?** If you have one or more of the above symptoms, don't fail to use **Dr. Kinsman's Heart Tablets.** Not a secret medicine, it is said that one person out of every four has a weak heart. Probably three-fourths of these do not know it, and hundreds wrongfully treat themselves for the **Stomach, Lungs, Kidneys or Nerves.** Don't take any chances when **Dr. Kinsman's Heart Tablets** are within your reach. More than 1000 endorsements furnished.

FREE TREATMENT COUPON

Any sufferer mailing this coupon, with their name and P. O. Address, to **Dr. F. G. Kinsman, Box 931, Augusta, Maine,** will receive a box of Heart Tablets for trial by return mail, postpaid, free of charge. Delays are dangerous. Write at once—to-day.

Driver Agents Wanted

Drive and demonstrate the Bush Car. Pay for it out of your commissions on sales. My agents are making money. Shipments are prompt. Bush Cars guaranteed or money back. Write at once for my 48 page catalog and all particulars. Address J. W. Bush. Free. Dept. 705

BUSH MOTOR COMPANY, Bush Temple, CHICAGO, ILLINOIS

Pain Paint

Send 50c in stamps and we will mail you a Bottle of Wolcott's Pain Paint Powders, with full directions to make sixty 2-cent bottles. Pain Paint relieves pain, Headache, Toothache, Neuralgia; cools the parts where applied. Superficial burns will not blister Sold 40 years by agents.

R. L. WOLCOTT & SON, 30 Wolcott Bldg., New York

ASTHMA & HAY FEVER Treatment sent by express to you on **Free Trial.** If it cures send $1; if not, don't. Give express office. Write today. Address W. K. STERLINE, 926 Olds Ave., Sidney, Ohio

INDOOR TOILET

No Sewer or Cesspool Needed

PLACE IN YOUR OWN HOME ON FREE TRIAL

NO CHEMICAL SMELL

No more outside back yard inconveniences. No chambers to empty. No sewer or cesspool. Chemical process dissolves human waste in water. No trouble. Kills disease germs. Prevents flies, filth and bad odors of outhouse. A real necessity for old, young or invalids. Preserves health.

Guaranteed Odorless

Can be placed in any room, hall or closet, under a stairway in basement or even right in the bed room with a curtain around it. No trouble to install, no expense, no sewer or plumbing necessary. It is sanitary and odorless. Endorsed by thousands of users, doctors, sanitary experts, health boards, etc.

We do not ask you to send a cent of money—not even a deposit. You need pay nothing until you are convinced that the Kawnear is satisfactory. We don't ask you to take our word that it does what we say and more. We will send you a **Genuine Kawnear Cabinet on 10 days free trial**—right in your own home. You pay if you are satisfied. If not, return at our expense. No foolishness or argument. Two of the largest banks in Kansas City tell you that we are all right and do as we agree.

Agents Wanted.

Endorsed by Kansas State Board of Health

KAWNEAR CABINET CO., Kansas City, Mo.

I am enclosing copy of letter received from Prof. C. C Young, detailing the result of investigation of the chemical action of the Kawnear Cabinet. It would seem that the use of the Kawnear Cabinet as directed was highly efficient in that it destroys all disease bearing organisms.

I would highly recommend the use of this cabinet with the dosage of chemicals directed, for public schools, in the home and other places where the sanitary disposal of human waste is so important.

This department welcomes and desires to encourage from the standpoint of health the use of the chemical toilet. They not only safe-guard the health and the life of the people using them, but from the standpoint of cleanliness, convenience and comfort are well worth the small cost.

S. J. CRUMBINE, M. D., Secy.
Kansas Board of Health.

COSTS ONLY ONE CENT A WEEK per person to operate. Write today for full information.

KAWNEAR CABINET CO., 904 Massachussetts Bldg. Kansas City, Missouri.

King's Mountain Boys

Or, Under Liberty's Banner

By Captain Jack Judson

[Copyright 1917 by W. D. Boyce Co.]

Begun in No. 23, June 9. Subscriptions can begin with that issue or back copies can be obtained from news stands, our agents or by mail from office of publication.

CHAPTER XIII.

THE TRICK OF MISTRESS BOYCE.

SLOWLY but surely Colonel Ferguson was pushing with his force toward King's Mountain, a rough, elevated ridge which crossed the border line between North and South Carolina. He had become aware of the intentions of his mountain foes, and daily for some time had known that they were arming for his destruction. He was not aware, however, that Chester Malley, his last courier, had fallen into the hands of Ethan Byrd, his late prisoner, nor that the dispatch which he carried in the ring had been read by Colonel Shelby and the other border leaders.

In this message he had written Earl Cornwallis that he hoped to wait at King's Mountain till the patriots came up, and by one blow end the Southern war in favor of the King. Ferguson relied largely on the gallantry of his troops, whom he had trained under his own eye. The Tory volunteers had fought well in previous engagements, using the bayonet on the Americans, and his cavalry had cut the enemy down without mercy.

The British leader affected to sneer at the rough men who wore hemlock sprigs in their hats and carried powderhorns at their sides, but the time was near at hand when he would be terribly undeceived.

He was much cut up over Ethan's escape. He railed against the men whom Captain Rough had placed on guard, and haughtily stamping his foot, declared that the Captain had traitors in his ranks. This was not at all pleasing to Ethan's registered foe, but he dared not return Ferguson's words in like spirit; therefore, after the stormy interview, Captain Rough betook himself to another quarter of the camp.

"He'll need me by and by," snarled the Tory. "The time is coming when he will call on Tobias Shell to come to his aid. These frontiersmen intend to fight. I know them all. If Colonel Ferguson thinks he can disperse them with his own force, he will later on discover his mistake."

After Ethan's meeting with Captain Rough at Helen Boyce's home, at which, as we have already seen, Naomi had found an asylum, danger seemed to have drifted away. The two girls, who had become fast friends, were ever in each other's company. Naomi had not heard from her father since he had driven her from beneath the family roof, and at times she yearned to go back and see him. It was only the fear of an outburst of anger that prevented, and so she lingered at Helen's home.

Not far from the house ran the usual trail over which the couriers had passed, but of late none had safely covered the distance between the two armies.

On the night of the attack on the old inn, Helen found herself suddenly confronted at the spring by a strange man. He was afoot, and when the fair young patriot beheld him he was closely regarding her. Seeing that the girl did not immediately retreat, he came nearer and asked if he might have a drink.

Helen in reply held out the pitcher, and watched him eagerly as he held it long to his lips, enjoying the cool and refreshing draught. Something about the man attracted her.

"I was very thirsty, miss," said he, as he replaced the vessel in her hands. "I appear to have lost my way. This region is unknown to me. You are not much troubled by the Whigs, I hope?"

Controlling herself as well as she could, Helen replied that the Whigs gave her no trouble.

"I am glad of that," resumed the man. "They are people to avoid, I think."

"You are not Whig, then?"

"Not by a jugful," he answered with a smile. "I am glad to find you the friend of the Cause."

"What cause, may I ask?"

"The King's, of course, miss."

"Then you are for the King?"

He drew nearer to the girl and dropped his voice to a whisper.

"I am in the royal employment in fact, I am on my way to Colonel Ferguson, and would be pleased if you could direct me to the ford which must not be far away."

"You seem to have come from Earl Cornwallis?"

"Yes, from Charlotte," the man answered, with avidity. "I am to take no risks in the Whig country."

"I see."

"These men have given the Earl a great deal of trouble lately, and he has not received a message from Colonel Ferguson for some days."

During this time Helen was debating in her own mind what to do.

"Surely," she said at length, "you are not making your journey afoot?"

"I am forced to for the present. A stranger on horseback would naturally excite suspicion, you know."

"Yes," said Helen, cunningly, "There are suspecting eyes at large just now."

"I have been commissioned to find and visit one David Meccam, who is the King's truest adherent in these parts, and he can give me assistance."

"He is a great Loyalist."

"Tried and true! If all were like him, there'd be no need of keeping an army in the Carolinas."

"Then you have not yet visited Master Meccam?"

"Not yet, miss. If you could direct me to his house——"

"After you have seen my own," broke in Helen, "that is, if you are in no hurry to be off."

The message bearer jumped at the invitation.

"Come, then," continued Helen, taking up the pitcher which she had placed on the stone wall of the spring. "It is just up the hill."

The British courier followed her and soon appeared to Naomi and Mistress Boyce in the soft, rich candlelight.

He threw himself into a large armchair with a sigh of satisfaction.

"It does me good," said he, in an outburst of happiness, "to find myself in the home of the King's own people."

Helen glanced at Naomi and her mother to suppress their surprise, and proceeded to set some eatables before the man.

"I suppose," she said, half-carelessly, "that Earl Cornwallis does not put his messages in black and white?"

"Aye, but he does, miss," replied the courier, looking up suddenly and admiring her glowing eyes. "Altho he does this, he prepares us for an emergency."

The speaker fumbled about in a secret pocket of his garments and drew forth a bright little sphere not larger than a common rifle bullet.

"I carry my message in this," he went on, holding the object up in the light

"Not in that little bit of lead?" exclaimed the girl, affecting the utmost surprise.

"It is hollow, my dear young lady. See! The top unscrews," and he proceeded to separate the two sections of the silver bullet, and showed Helen a carefully rolled bit of thin paper, upon which the girl perceived some delicate writing.

"I should like to know, sir, how much writing can be placed in such a small space," said Helen. "Surely not more than a single word or two."

"Much more than you imagine," was the answer. "See! Here is Lord Cornwallis' message to Colonel Ferguson."

"How wonderful," cried Helen, as the paper was spread out before her. "Really, sir, I never would have thought it."

"Which assures me that you are not familiar with the tricks of warfare."

"I am no soldier, as you know, sir."

"But a comely young lady," at which truthful compliment Helen blushed deeply.

"You have taught me a good deal, for which I thank you," and Helen's quick eyes mastered the dispatch as she spoke. "But what would you do were you to fall in with the Rebels?"

"I would swallow the little sphere," was the reply. "It's an old trick, miss, but a good one for all that!"

The courier replaced the message in the depths of the sphere, joined the two pieces together, and deposited the whole in his pocket.

"I dare say the dispatch would be good for Rebel eyes," he exclaimed, with a laugh.

"Undoubtedly, sir."

"What would old Sevier or Shelby give for the contents of my dispatch?"

"A good deal, perhaps."

"Their commissions, if they have such," answered the courier. "But Rebel eyes shall never be set on what I carry. I am too careful for that."

It was with the greatest difficulty that Helen could repress a smile. She wondered what the man would have thought if he had dreamed that Rebel eyes had already mastered his precious message.

The man returned to his meal, waited on by the two girls, and at last he leaned back and stretched out his feet contentedly.

"What are you going to do with these Whigs when the King has conquered them?" he suddenly asked, looking up into the faces of the two girls

"I had not thought of that. You think, then, that the Colonies will never gain their independence?"

"How can they?" cried the courier. "It is impossible."

"They have met with some astounding successes," slyly ventured Helen. "They have compelled the surrender of Burgoyne."

"Yes, and the Rebel Washington whipped the Hessians at Trenton," admitted the guest. "In less than a year, however, the Colonies will be overrun with the King's armies, and there will be some hangings in many places."

"What will King George do with the Rebel Washington?"

The King's man brought his hand down upon the table till the dishes rattled.

"What do you think he will do with that traitor?" he cried, turning upon Helen. "Why, my dear miss, I suspect he will take him to the elm where he took command of the Rebel forces and execute him."

"And General Greene and the Swamp Fox, and the other Rebels?"

"King George will not knight them, you may be sure of that, miss," laughed the man. "Ho!" he suddenly exclaimed, "I see you have a guitar?"

Helen nodded.

"Do you play, miss?"

"Not often."

"I do."

He rose and, crossing the room, took up the instrument, the strings of which he musically thrummed. In another moment he launched forth into a royal air at the time popular in England. He was an adept with the guitar, and his little audience listened with silent praise.

"You don't play Rebel airs?" said Naomi."

"I, miss? I am the King's soldier!" he exclaimed, hardly knowing what to make of the query.

"I knew that," explained the Tory's daughter, "but I thought that, having been some months in America, you had picked up some of the tunes in vogue among the patriots."

Cornwallis' courier shook his head and restored the guitar to its place.

"Really, I must be off," he exclaimed. "I would like to remain longer, for this is the first real pleasure I have had in months. If you had wine in the house we would drink the King's health before I go."

"We have no wine," Helen responded, "and it would hardly do to pledge the King in cold water."

"No, my dear young lady," smiled the man. "Some other time we may have the pleasure of toasting King George in the proper spirit. Richard Manchester thinks you for this entertainment, and he assures you that he will never forget your hospitality."

"And I have to thank you in return," replied Helen.

"Now, miss, if you will direct me to the house of Master Meccam I will bid you good night."

Helen accompanied the courier to the door and directed him in low tones, but at the same time she said that he might avoid trouble if he would not seek the Tory's house, as several roving bands of Whigs were reported as being in the neighborhood. Dick Manchester shrugged his shoulders at this and his face got a pallid hue.

"I shall not seek Master Meccam if that is the case," said he. "My message is too precious to put in jeopardy. So far it has not been seen by Rebel eyes, and I shall take care that it is not inspected by those for whom it is not intended."

A moment later Helen Boyce had parted with her unsuspecting guest and had returned to the house. Her bright eyes were sparkling in triumph. As she threw herself into a chair, she looked at her mother and Naomi and burst out into a laugh.

"You played your cards very well," said Mistress Boyce. "I trembled for you more than once."

"Just as tho I would lose my head, mother!" cried the pretty little minx.

"But you did not lose it, and we'll not discuss that point. Was the dispatch important?"

"It was, indeed," and Helen was on her feet. "It commanded Colonel Ferguson to execute certain movements which might get him out of the trap our people are preparing for him. It must be taken to the rendezvous."

"But by whom?"

"By me, mother! There must be no delay. Naomi's mount is in the stable—"

"And Bess is at your service, Helen," interrupted the Tory's daughter.

"But, Helen, the way is full of danger. You might be captured by the enemy."

"What is one life when the cause of liberty is at stake?" exclaimed the undaunted girl. "I know Lord Cornwallis' message by heart, mother. I can repeat every word of it. Come, Naomi dear, we will saddle Bess in a good cause."

It required but little time for the roan mare to receive her trappings, and Helen, well seated on her back, reappeared before the door.

"I know the way," she said, in response to her mother's fears. "I was raised in the mountains, and maybe some day Master Manchester will drink the health of General Washington with me."

With this she waved her hand in farewell to the two in the doorway, and spoke to the animal, which darted off like an arrow sent from a bow.

Meantime the courier was plodding along under the stars, thinking of the pleasant time he had had in the home of the Boyces. Not for a moment did he suspect that he had been cleverly hoodwinked.

"It was a real pleasure to find a true Loyalist household," he said, congratulating himself. "I shall try to come this way again. The girl who questioned me has wonderfully bright eyes, and I would like further entertainment at her house."

All at once he almost collided with an old woman who was returning to her cabin home with a bundle of fagots.

"Who be you, sir?" cried the old dame, as she drew up in front of the courier. "No pesky Rebel, I hope. I'm for King George, I'd have you know. I'm not like the folks in the house back yonder."

"What house?" stammered Manchester.

"The one you may have just left, the house where the two Rebel girls are."

"Rebels?" gasped the soldier. "And I'll warrant the one read my dispatch!" And, thus suddenly disillusioned, he

Illinois Mothers, Attention!

Many mothers in Illinois and everywhere in the United States sing the praises of Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription, and many are the mothers in Illinois who are willing to testify to its merits, as do the following persons:

Mrs. C. Twichell, of 618 Sample St., Alton, Ill., says: "I had need of a medicine to aid me in expectancy. I began taking Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription and it helped me at once. I used it for six months and it proved the best medicine for that purpose. It makes one stronger, more comfortable and better able to endure. I was so delighted with the good I received that I have recommended it to my friends."

The Favorite Prescription contains no alcohol or any narcotic. It is extracted from native roots and herbs, and can be had at any drug store in either liquid or tablet form.

Mrs. John Moreland, residing at 1311 North 15th St., East St. Louis, Ill., says: "I was sick with chills and nervousness and the medicines used did not help me. Then (the doctor doing me no good) I tried Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription. The first few doses made me feel better. I also used the 'Pleasant Pellets' with this remedy. Both together gave me new life and strength, and I came out of the illness in good shape. The 'Favorite Prescription' became a 'stand-by' for me. I have since used it when in a

MRS. JOHN MORELAND.

delicate way and it has been of great benefit. It is a true Woman's Medicine."

Mrs. H. W. Brando, of Hudson, Ill., writes: "I feel that I owe my baby's life to Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription. I wrote him telling of my condition, also of my experience a year ago. I followed his advice, with fine results. My baby was a fine healthy 10½-lb. girl. I feel that this would not have been if I had not used the 'Prescription.'" —Advt.

swept past the fagot bearer and tramped growling down the road.

CHAPTER XIV.

MASTER TOMMY'S EXPERIENCE.

THERE was no prouder youth among the mountains those golden October days than Master Tommy Lutz. He had acquitted himself with much credit in the battle at the old inn, and now that he had espoused the cause of liberty, he was well satisfied with himself.

Nevermore would he return to the house on the hill, and he assured Ethan that David Meccam would never behold him again. Tommy intended to keep his resolution. He knew that if he should fall into the hands of his former master, for he was little better than a slave in the old Tory's eyes, he would fare badly.

Ethan, knowing the youth's fears, advised him to stick close to camp, for in the locality were a number of Tories who would not hesitate to capture him and return him to the bitter Loyalist.

The mountain men were about to set out for the struggle with Ferguson. Their numbers had largely increased by arrivals from different parts of the colony, and the dispatches which had fallen into their hands furnished them with the very knowledge they needed.

On the afternoon of the return to camp of the liberty boys, Master Lutz, mounted on his horse, rode quietly from the rendezvous. He was anxious to visit a certain house which he had passed several times, and thought that by setting out alone he could carry out his designs without exciting suspicion.

There was one bit of information which the new recruit of freedom had not discovered. He was not aware that David Meccam had really posted him after the manner of the day, nor that there had been a price set upon his head.

The house which Tommy intended to visit was occupied by a mountain miser, a very distant relation, and the boy had fondly hoped that some day he would fall heir to a little sum of money, which, after the war, might come convenient; for Tommy, despite his poor education, had hopes of making his mark in the world in a humble way.

When he dismounted before the door of the house, he noticed that it was more lonely than when he last saw it, but, not set back by its appearance, he knocked and waited for the summons to enter. To his surprise no sounds were heard, therefore he took the liberty of lifting the latch without further ado.

It was almost a bare room that welcomed him. Not a sign of life was visible, and for a moment Master Lutz stared at his surroundings, rendered speechless with wonder and amazement.

"What can have become of Cousin Barry?" he asked himself. "Surely the gathering of the mountain men has not frightened him off. He's betwixt Tory and Whig in his views, but he knows enough to carry water on both shoulders without spilling a drop."

A search of the house did not solve the enigma. Tommy went over it thorely, and came back to the large room as much puzzled as ever. He sat down in the one chair to collect his thoughts. He was a poor reasoner, and when he was mystified he thought very slowly.

The ride to the house had occupied several hours, and the sun was declining in the west before he noticed it.

"Cousin Barry has gone away," he said at last, the mystery as deep as ever to his sluggish brain. "The mountaineers have frightened him , as the whirling hawk frightens the dove. I shall go back."

He had reached the door when he heard the whinny of a horse, and upon gazing from the house he saw four men dismounting in front of it. Tommy's face went pale with fear as he caught sight of them, and when they moved forward he retreated and grasped his rifle. If they were Tories—and why should they not be?—he was in the direst danger.

His own horse had evidently informed the men that some one was in the house, and Tommy wished he had concealed his animal in the little hazel thicket not far off. But it was too late now, and he was in a trap of his own setting.

The foremost man, a burly fellow with a bearded face, did not take the scant courtesy of rapping, but lifted the latch and strode into the room without giving Tommy a chance to seek the dingy attic overhead.

"Ho!" cried the man, taken aback at sight of the boy who confronted him. "What are you doing here?"

Poor Tommy collected his thoughts as rapidly as possible.

"I dropped in to see Master Bloom," said he.

"A poor excuse is as good as any," laughed the stranger with a glance at his companions who had followed at his heels. "Don't you know, sir, that Barry Bloom was hanged a fortnight ago by the Rebels?"

"What?" cried Tommy. "Cousin Barry hanged?"

"Yes. They came down upon him like a bevy of eagles and finished him in the yard yonder. The old fellow had been playing fast and loose; now he was Whig and the next day Tory."

Master Lutz was amazed. He could not find his tongue, but stared at the speaker, wondering under which banner he served.

Presently one of the others stepped in front of Tommy and looked him over from head to foot.

"I believe this is the boy Master Meccam wants," he said, and then his hand fell like a trip-hammer upon Tommy's shoulder before he could recoil. "Aren't you Master Lutz, boy?"

Tommy had been truthful all his life. He had seen slaves punished for lying at the hands of his old master, and this had helped him to remain on the right side.

"I am Tommy Lutz," he admitted.

"And it's the best luck we've had for many a day!" laughed the man who had accosted him. "Don't you know that you are wanted by old Davy?"

"I thought as how he might need me," Tommy said, hardly hearing his own words.

"He's published you, boy."

"Yes," put in the leader of the group; "you've been posted as a runaway."

"By Master Meccam?"

"By no one else. Here is the proof."

The man drew from his pocket a crumpled paper stamped with the royal arms. Tommy knew it at sight; he had seen such paper more than once in Master Meccam's library.

"Look!" continued the man, thrusting the paper into the youth's face. "It's here in black and white. You can read, Master Lutz?"

Tommy's eyes were already staring at the heavy handwriting before him which ran as follows:

"TEN POUNDS REWARD.

"The undersigned will pay the above sum for the delivery at his house of one Tommy Lutz, until lately in his employ. Said Master Lutz has given the subscriber much concern, having betrayed his confidence, and it is stated on good and excellent authority that he has lately been seen in the company of those who are in unlawful rebellion against his majesty, King George III. Any person who may come in contact with the above-named absentee is authorized to convey him to the undersigned, who will reimburse him with ten pounds in gold coin, and not in worthless Rebel script.

"DAVID MECCAM."

It cost Master Lutz many a chill to read the foregoing, for he knew that he was being watched by the four men. Silently he handed back the paper, and his gaze sought the floor.

"We haven't seen ten pounds in coin since the war began," said one. "But were it not for your treason, Master Lutz, we would be inclined to leave you unmolested."

"You've caught me fairly," Tommy replied, "but I did not think I was worth ten pounds to Master David."

"You know the old fellow's moods," laughed the leader of the four. "I fancy he wants to convert you back to the King."

Tommy had no heart to reply to this rough sally, and in a moment he was deprived of his weapon and was wholly in the hands of his captors.

A sadder-hearted boy than Tommy never rode thru the golden-tinted woodlands of North Carolina. He looked in neither direction, but with drooping head went back to the iron master from whom he had fled. Well did he know the moods of the Tory on the hill. There was no mercy in David Meccam's heart, and Tommy had become convinced of this by hearing of his treatment of his own child because she had espoused the cause of liberty.

If the Tories pitied him they did not show it. They rode alongside, with their weapons lying across their horses' necks, and not for a moment did their watchfulness relax.

Poor Tommy! He was going back to danger, while Ethan and the other boys were preparing to reap glory in the hunt for the King's Colonel. It was gall and wormwood to the boy to think of these things, and whenever a thought of escape entered his head he glanced around upon his guards and saw it take wings.

"Master Lutz," said one of the men, as he leaned toward Tommy, "is it true that you are for the Rebel cause?"

Tommy raised his head and returned the sharp look.

"It is true, sir," he said, in low but distinct tones.

"Then you have betrayed the hand that raised you?"

"I have betrayed no one," was the reply. "I was for the King's cause because I was not permitted to see aright, but since my eyes have been opened I have been for liberty."

The man dropped back and did not speak again.

The shadows were growing long and cool under the tall pines when Tommy's eyes descried the well-known house on the little rise. He would soon stand face to face with one of the greatest Tories in the whole South, and he did not expect to find David Meccam in good humor. No one appeared at the door till the captors drew rein before the old-fashioned porch, and then the wide oaken portal was jerked open and David Meccam made his appearance. The old Tory looked with genuine surprise upon the group, and at once singled out his former servant.

"Bring the young runaway in," he commanded, in his harsh tones which boded Tommy no good. "I'm glad you've found the boy, men. Where in the world did you pick him up?"

"We caught him napping, Master Meccam. I suppose if he had suspected our mission, there would have been a race for life."

Tommy did not have to be helped from the horse. He alighted of his own accord and went forward, crossing the threshold with the deep, malignant eyes of his master riveted upon him. He was back in bondage.

It did not take David Meccam long to settle with Tommy's captors, and with the reward jingling in their pockets, they galloped off, pleased with their work.

When the Tory had closed the door, he turned slowly upon Master Tommy and centered him with his gaze. There was no mercy in the eyes that confronted the boy.

"So you've come home?" were the first words that caught the lad's senses.

He looked up into the implacable face and studied it for a moment.

"I assure you," said he, "that this home-coming is not of my choice."

"I suppose not," was the answer. "You have deserted the King's cause and have been consorting with the arch Rebels. You have betrayed the secrets of this house, you have given more than aid and comfort to the traitors, you have even resisted our friends with arms in your hands."

To this tirade of accusation Tommy listened in silence. His blood was dancing like little currents of fire in his veins.

"I have no doubt you have helped my daughter in her rebellion against royal authority," continued Master Meccam.

"I have done nothing of the kind, sir, but I have heard."

Removing his eyes from the boy's pallid face, David Meccam turned away and jingled the silver bell on the table. There were heavy footsteps in the hall, and the dark face of Caesar appeared at the door.

"Where is Julius?" asked the Tory.

The servant departed, and the next minute the door opened again, and Julius, the giant slave, came in with his companion. Master Meccam pointed toward Tommy.

"They've fetched the runaway back and he has cost me ten pounds in the King's money!" cried the Tory. "Where is the whip, boys?"

At this Tommy's face went crimson and then whitened again. Caesar bolted from the room, while Julius remained with his large eyes turned upon the well-built youth who had come back branded as a deserter to the old mansion on the hill. Tommy had never dreamed of such a return.

When the door opened again his eyes fell upon the black face of Caesar, but he saw more than that. He noticed the whip which the dark hand held and the discovery sent a chill thru every fiber.

"Stand him over there!" commanded David Meccam, pointing to the middle of the room. "Take off your coat, boy. You've cost me ten pounds, and I'm going to get the worth of it out of your Rebel back."

The boy did not resist when the hands of Julius fell heavily upon him. He permitted his hunting jacket to be stripped from his back, but as it fell away he raised his hand and covered the red face of his old master.

"You may whip Tommy," cried he, as his indignation surged like heated lava thru his brain, "but you cannot turn him back to the King. I am for freedom. You may scar me with the lash, but you cannot cut from my heart, Master David, the love of liberty. I have taken the oath of Washington, I have ridden with the boys of the liberty league. I am one of them myself. I have already struck blows against the King, and when I am free I shall go back to my companions and hunt Colonel Ferguson to his finish."

Never before had such outspoken rebellion been heard under the Tory's roof.

"You really defy the King?" almost roared David Meccam, as he glared at Tommy, who stood like a statue of nobility before him. "This is the height of treason and in my own house, too!"

"I am against King George," answered Tommy in the same defiant tones.

The whip was suddenly lifted above the Tory's head.

"Count the lashes, Caesar!" cried old David. "There shall be five for each pound I have been compelled to surrender for this young Rebel."

The searching eye of Tommy Lutz had not for a moment lost sight of the poisod whip.

It was about to descend upon his illy protected back when, like an arrow from an Indian bow, he darted forward, and his right hand caught the implement, tearing it from his old master's hand and flinging it across the room. This was the work of an instant, and as David's face went dark and light by turns, Tommy's became strangely calm. He saw that the blacks had fallen back to witness the whipping, and that the way to the door was clear.

"Don't let Washington's young eagle out!" exclaimed David Meccam. "It shall now be ten lashes for each pound taken from my treasury."

"It shall be my life or no scars at all!" was the boy's reply. "I will not wear the marks of the King's lash!"

Tommy had gained the door and his hand was on the brass knob. He looked straight into the inflamed face of the speechless old man on the carpet and jerked the portal open.

"When I come again," he cried, "liberty shall have been proclaimed thruout the Colonies. Good day, Master David!" And as the last words fell from his lips, Tommy sprang across the threshold into the waning light of day.

This story, developing very thrilling happenings, will be continued in the Ledger issue of next week. If you are not a subscriber to the Ledger we would like to have your name on our list. The Ledger is only $1.00 per year; it is worth many times that amount. Send in your subscription, for many great stories that you cannot afford to miss will appear during the coming months.

* * *

Vagrant Memory.

She stood before the hardware counter in the department store and her eye had a wandering look. It took in at a glance the various things displayed on the counter and then it wandered to the shelves.

"What can I show you?" asked the girl behind the counter.

"That's what I am trying to think of. I meant to write the name down before I left home, but I didn't, and can't remember. Anyhow, it's one of these little doodads that are three or four things in one, you know. A kind of a thing-um-a-jig that part of it folds up and—don't you know what I mean? One of these little jiggers that you are sure to find in every kitchen table drawer, or ought to find there, for they come in handy in so many ways and you—a funny little contraption that you can do as much with as you can with a hairpin. It's a combination thing-um-bob and—don't you know what I mean? It is funny you don't get the idea of it. Being in a store where you are probably selling them every day, I should think you would know right off what I mean. It's the commonest sort of a little rink-tum, a combination affair that you open cans and pull out corks and——"

"You mean a combination corkscrew?"

"That's it! I knew I would remember the name of the little jigger if I put my mind to it. Thank you. Yes, I am sure it is a—a—what do you call it? That's it! That's it! The very identical little squigledom I was looking for. Funny you didn't remember the name of it sooner."

SUMMER CATARRH Treatment FREE

Do you realize that your Catarrh has not disappeared this summer, as you fondly imagined it would?

It has gotten too firm a grip on you. It is steadily—persistently—attacking your very vitals.

That constant sniffling and sneezing,—the loathsome breath,—the hawking and spitting of vile mucus—are the outward symptoms of a serious condition within. You may call it Hay Fever or Rose Cold. You may think your stomach is bothering you.

From years of experience I say to you,—"You Have Catarrh in a serious form, and Catarrh is only the beginning of a large number of the most dangerous and deadly diseases. **If you have Catarrh in the Summer you need treatment at once."**

A CHANCE FOR YOU

Because I know that 85 per cent of the people over this land need treatment for Catarrh, and because of my intense desire to help the poor sufferers, and save them from bodily suffering, and worse, I make this offer:—**For a short time I will give away, free, Treatment for Summer Catarrh.**

If you have Catarrh, this is your chance. All you have to do is to sit down NOW, and write a postcard or letter, giving your full name and address and asking for the Free Catarrh Treatment which Catarrh Specialist Sproule is giving away. You will receive it by return mail. Hundreds have been cured by this treatment. Send to-day and try it for yourself.

If you desire to receive a Catarrh Treatment without any cost to yourself, compounded by a Specialist on Catarrh, write to-day to

Catarrh Specialist Sproule,
306 Trade Building, Boston, Mass.

THE FAIRY CORNER

SO MERRY, HEIGH HO!

"Oh, who is so merry, so merry, heigh ho!
As the light-hearted fairy, heigh ho, heigh ho!
He dances and sings to the sound of his wings,
With a hey, and a heigh and a ho!"

"Humph! You must feel gay!" gloomily remarked Buddy.

"Why, certainly I do, and why shouldn't I? Don't you?" The fairy stopped dancing and smiled at Buddy.

"Of course not," Buddy answered crossly. "I wouldn't run away from home if I felt gay, and now I don't feel gay because I have run away, so there!" and Buddy kicked savagely at a stone lying in the path.

"What is the trouble?" asked the fairy, kindly.

"Oatmeal for breakfast every morning, and school every day, and feeding the chickens and running errands when I want to play, and being bossed—that is the trouble!"

"You are the boy I've been looking for," gayly answered the fairy. "Come on to Fairyland. There we have a jolly time always, and no work and no errands—it is the life for you."

"All right," Buddy agreed, and followed the tripping fairy down the meadow path thru the green woods, to where the early violets grow, thru a little door in the old hollow oak, right into Fairyland!

How gay and bright it was! Flowers everywhere, and so many fairies dancing about and singing. Butterflies flitted among the flowers—and as for oatmeal and schoolbooks and errands, one knew instantly that there were no such troubles here!

Soon Buddy was the center of a gay group of fairies dancing.

Not as one did at dancing school: that was work! But just skipping about because one felt so gay and carefree. Buddy danced and sang and felt as gay as a real fairy.

Bright-hued butterflies flitted about, and the fairies and Buddy with them flitted among the flowers as gayly as the butterflies.

"Oh, who is so merry, so merry, heigh ho!" sang the fairies.

"Oh, who is so merry, so merry, heigh ho!" hummed Buddy, blithely.

Suddenly he stopped short. "I would like something to eat, please," he said, for he felt very hungry.

"Certainly, you may drink dew from the flower cups—it is most refreshing," the fairies told him.

"Oh, but I am really hungry," Buddy responded in dismay. However, seeing that there was no food in Fairyland, Buddy tried to feel satisfied with a sip of dew from a lily, and then joined the dancing fairies and tried to forget that he was growing weak with hunger.

But presently he stopped dancing again and exclaimed: "It surely is bedtime, and I am so sleepy!" and he yawned and looked about for a fairy house.

The fairies laughed gayly. "It is never night in Fairyland," they explained. "See, the moon is shining. Come and dance, and you will not feel tired."

"But I am tired and sleepy and hungry, and I think it is time for me to go home."

Again the fairies laughed merrily. "It must be queer to be a mortal," they said.

"Well, I don't think I care to play all the time, and I am sure mother needs me at home. Good-by, fairies," and Buddy turned toward the oak—the entrance to Fairyland.

"Good-by," they called gayly, and as Buddy trudged thru the oak door, out into the world, he still heard their voices, but faintly now:

"Oh, who is so merry, so merry, heigh ho!"

"Why, Buddy-boy, you have been gone a long time," mother exclaimed, as Buddy rushed into the kitchen. "I have been waiting supper for you."

"My! it smells good," Buddy declared, and added softly as he came close to his mother, "isn't there something I can do to help you, mother dear?"

PETER PAN.

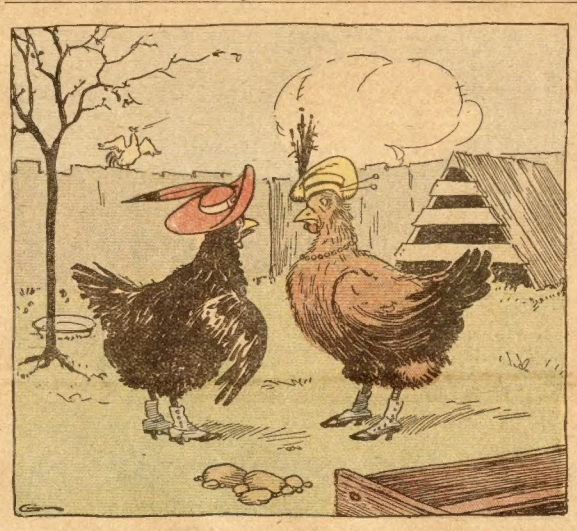
Many, many years ago there lived in an Arcadian woodland cave, near Athens, a youth named Peter Pan, whose father was king of the flocks, the shepherds and the forests. The young prince as well as the rest of the family had very queer forms. They were half animal and half man, having goats' feet and horns and curly hair, but they were rather handsome in the face.

Peter Pan was fond of hunting, fishing, dancing and music; being also fond of pipe, and for weeks it was his favorite plaything and companion.

One night he dreamed over the whole scene at the water's edge when he had changed the beautiful princess of the sea into a common pipe, and when he wakened his conscience was so troubled that before the break of day he ran out of his cave to the ocean and tossed into its waters his much loved pipe. Then he walked home feeling that a great burden had been taken from his shoulders.

But what became of the pipe? As soon as it touched the water it was changed into the form of Floridiana, and the princess hurried to her father and told him the story of her experiences. Neptune was of course very glad to have his daughter come back safely, but he thought it only fair that Peter Pan should be punished, and he sought out a magician whom he knew, and set him at the task of punishing him.

This man, whose name was Rocolle, was very clever and he had no trouble to kidnap Peter Pan; then, having him in charge, he gave him to eat lotus, a yellow flower which brings complete forgetfulness to the eater. After this Rocolle led Peter Pan to the ocean, and at its shore he transformed the lad into a merman. He then left, and Peter, seeing nothing else to do, swam about in the water.



"Mother says I'm very foolish to associate with you.'
"Why?"
"She says your father was a bad egg."

Finally he became the friend of all the ocean folk, even of Neptune and Floridiana, but he does not know to this day that they had a part in the beginnings of his adventure, nor does he know that the pearl he often gazes upon had anything to do with it.

A GOOD REASON.

The teacher was telling the class about the conquest of Alexander the Great. He made the tale a stirring one, and at last reached the conquest of India. Wishing to impress the children, he said: "When Alexander had conquered India, what do you think he did? Do you think he gave a great feast to celebrate the triumph? No, he sat down and wept."

The children seemed to be a little disappointed at this childish exhibition on the part of the hero, so the teacher continued: "Now, why do you think Alexander wept?" he asked.

Up went a little hand; but when its owner saw it was the only one in view he hurriedly withdrew it.

"Come on now, Tommy," said the teacher, in his most persuasive voice, "why do you think Alexander wept?"

"Please, sir," said Tommy, hesitatingly, "perhaps he didn't know the way back."

A CLEVER HORSE.

A contributor to the Michigan Farmer, who has observed the ways of animals, writes about a horse that belonged to a neighbor when he was a boy. He says: "I have seen this horse pick at the latch of a gate with his teeth until he succeeded in opening it. One time, when he and his mate were turned loose on the road, he stopped at our pasture gate, which was a set of bars, and taking the top bar in his teeth he pulled it endwise until the opposite end dropped on the ground; this operation he repeated until three or four of the bars were down, and then he marched triumphantly into the pasture.

"At another time we were making hay. My father had hired Mr. Porter and his team, which included this horse. The owner was driving the team on the mower and had stopped at the end of the field to go for a drink of water. I noticed old Charley, trying to get a mouthful of hay, but he was reined up too high. When he found that his efforts were fruitless, he began pawing with his front foot, reaching out in every direction as far as he could. After he had pulled together a good armful in front of him, he gathered it in his front leg as a man would in his arm and in this manner he lifted it high enough to eat from it.

"I called the attention of the crew to what the horse was doing, and one of them remarked, 'That horse knows as much as some men,' which was no joke."

MANNERS IN JAPAN.

Perhaps you are tired of hearing the Japanese boy is the most polite youth in the world. No wonder! You have had this fact drummed into your ears until the least suggestion of such a thing makes you say or to think—Fudge! Perhaps you can endure just one more allusion to this pleasing trait of the young Japanese. If one does chance to forget his manners—a most uncommon occurrence—the offense is not only punished, but apologized for. A case is told where a child on the street called a traveler a "foreign devil." This is a common epithet in China and all thru the old world. People use this expression as you would call a Chinaman a "heathen Chinee." In the case of this child of Japan, he was reproved, a policeman was sent for, who visited the insulted lady, and an apology was tendered her for the rudeness of this child. All this politeness and courtesy has not made the Japanese "sissy." You know what magnificent fighters they proved themselves in their war with Russia.

JUST THE ONE.

The children happened to be present when mother received an applicant for the position of nursemaid.

"Why were you discharged from your last place?" asked the mother, when she had ascertained, after much ingenuity, that the applicant had not voluntarily left that place.

"Well, ma'am," said the girl, very frankly, "to tell the truth, I sometimes forgot to wash the children, ma'am."

Whereupon there came from the children in chorus: "Oh, mother, please engage her!"

ONE BETTER.

"Father," asked 8-year-old Alice, returning home from school, "are you good at punctuation?"

"Yes," replied the father.

"Well, tell me, please, how would you punctuate, 'The wind blew a five-dollar bill around the corner?'"

"Why, daughter, I would simply put a period at the end of the sentence."

"I wouldn't," said Alice, mischievously; "I would make a dash after the five-dollar bill."

HIS NOTION.

"I'd hate to be an octopus,"
Said little Willie Green.
"And have to wash eight arms and hands
And keep 'em nice and clean."

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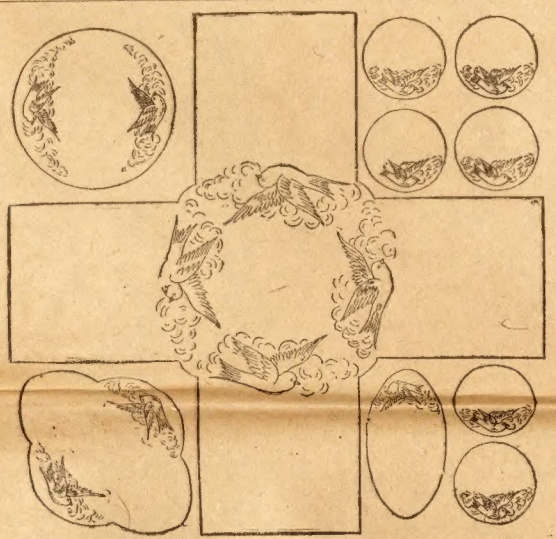

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NO. 5067, BLUEBIRD LUNCHEON SET.—Every housekeeper knows how valuable is her collection of table linens. If one has to purchase these dainty linens completed they become a luxury which few of us could afford. But this design is quite simple and costs very little to embroider. This luncheon set consists of a lunch cloth, 34x34 inches; centerpiece, 11x11 inches; six doilies, 6x6 inches; tray cloth, 12x15 inches; and platter cloth, 8x12 inches, all of which are stamped in blue or white linen. We also include six skeins of embroidery floss in this offer. This complete set will be given for $1.50 in subscriptions to the Blade and the Ledger.

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NO. 4038, BOUDOIR CAP—Stamped on a fine grade of white lawn, this boudoir cap makes a very pleasing effect. Just the thing for morning wear. We include four skeins of floss for working design. This will be sent for $1.00 in subscriptions, new or renewal, to either the Blade or the Ledger.

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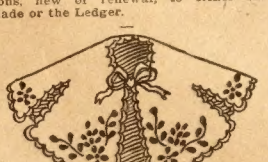

No. 2005, Baby's Kimono.

NO. 2005, BABY'S KIMONO—Conventional design, is stamped on white linen. We also include three skeins of cotton floss for embroidering the design. This will be given for $1.00 in subscriptions, new or renewal, to either the Blade or the Ledger.

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NO. 5060, BIRTH MONTH PILLOW TOP.—The latest and most striking birth month design pillow top you ever saw on 17x21-inch tan ticking. Remember there are no two designs alike in this offer. For instance, if your request is for a "July Birth Month Pillow" it will be tinted in exact colors, symbolic of the birthstone and flower of that month, and so on. We also include in this offer a back and four skeins of colored floss for working design. Your choice of any birth month pillow top complete for a one year's subscription to the Blade or the Ledger at $1.00. State the month you wish.

Humor in a Hospital.

At a certain hospital, which shall be nameless, there is a doctor so dark in complexion as to be generally considered a half-caste, but it is impossible to offend him worse than by an allusion to the fact.

This gentleman, tho very clever, is somewhat unsympathetic.

Recently a number of wounded soldiers were received into the above-mention institution, and amongst them was a Birmingham man who had borne a great amount of suffering very patiently, but became rather irritable as he began to recover.

One day the doctor surprised this particular patient by inquiring if he had been breast fed or bottle fed as a child.

The man replied that he thought he had been breast fed.

"H'm! I thought so," remarked the doctor, sarcastically. "I have frequently noticed that people who were breast fed as children make ten times more fuss in illness than those who were brought up on the bottle."

"Which were you brought up on?" inquired the soldier, after a short pause.

"Bottle," replied the doctor, shortly.

"Ah! I thought so," retorted the Tommy, contemptuously regarding the dark skin of the other, "and it must have been a bally ink bottle, too!"

Simple.

Reginald bought an evening tie, and wishing to be immaculate, asked the shop assistant to tell him the correct way to tie a bow.

"Well, sir," said the obliging assistant, "you hold the tie in your left hand and your collar in the other. Slip your neck in the collar and cross the left hand end of the tie over the right with the left hand, steadying the right end with the other hand. Then drop both ends, catching the left with the right and the other with the other. Reverse hands and pick up the loose end with the nearest hand. Pull this end thru the loop with your unengaged hand and squeeze. You will find the bow tied, and all you have to do is to disentangle your hands."

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To get these three coupons entitling you to three patterns, fill out the blank below and inclose it with one dollar for a year's subscription to the Chicago Ledger. Do this now—today! No woman should be without the Ledger's Pattern Coupon Book. Be among the thousands of women who will get these coupons.

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